

# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA-NW AMERICA-AND NEWFOUNDLAND

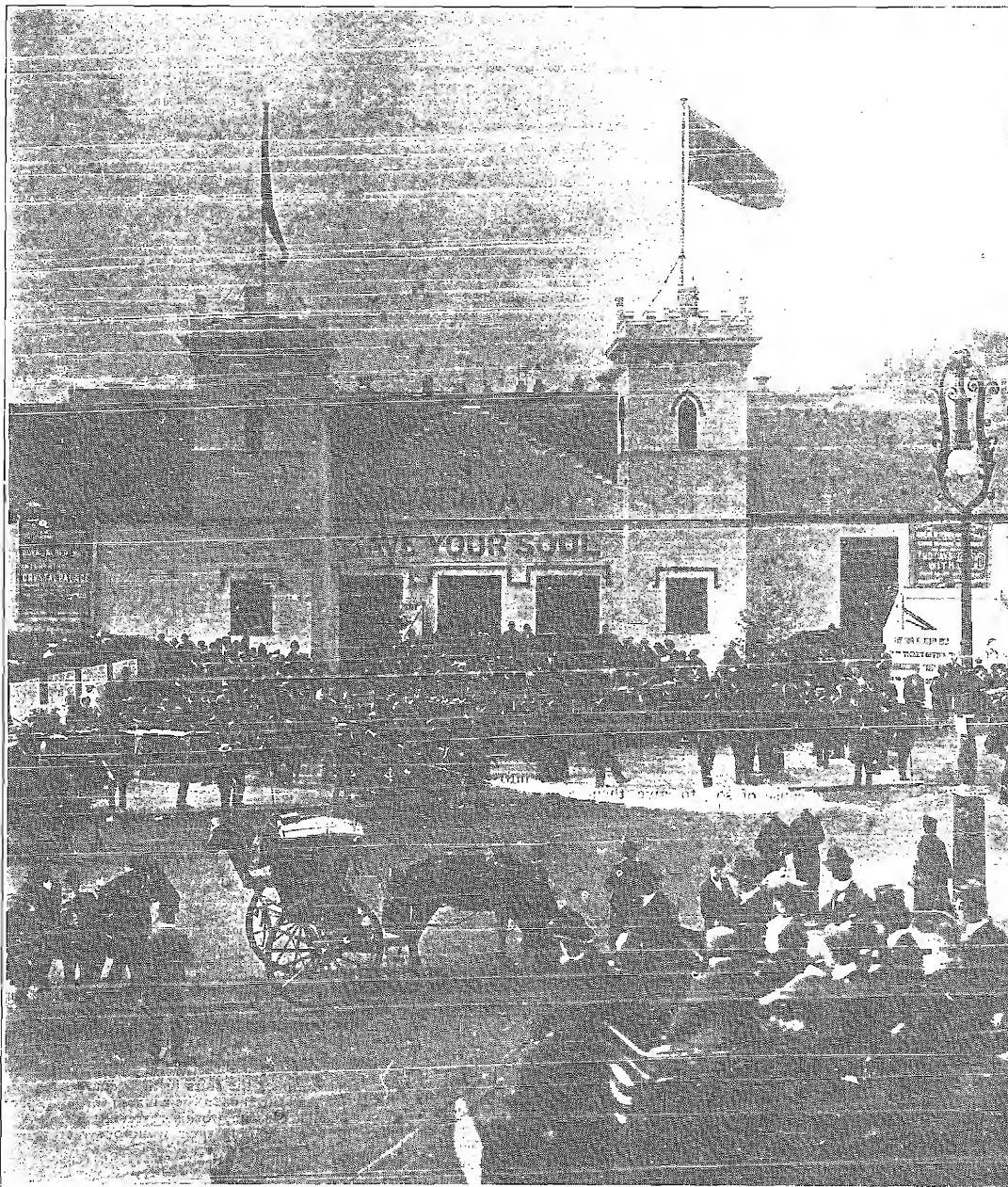
20th Year, No. 43.

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

TORONTO, JULY 23, 1904.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,  
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



THE SCENE AT THE INTERNATIONAL HALL, STRAND, LONDON, SOME HOURS BEFORE THE TIME OF OPENING.

## Broad Hints

For Narrow Gauge Travelers.

If you are going to shunt show your lights, and so prevent blocking the main line.

Never use your brake on level running. When the signals read "Line clear!" move on.



Show Your Lights.

Better be a porter on the up-line to glory than a boss director on the down track to hell.

No return tickets are issued on the heavenly line; only grumblers and backsliders ever inquire for them.

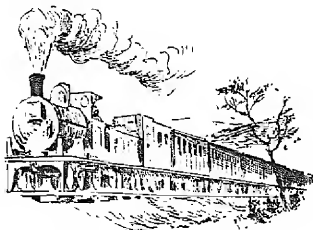
Do not be discouraged if you are compelled to go slowly up an incline. Sometimes when hindered from dashing ahead by sickness or trouble, we see the salvation of God.

Narrow gauge cars cannot be run on broad gauge line without alterations; neither can puff-sleeved or fringe-haired sisters run on the Salvation Army line without a scissors' alteration.



Wait Till the Train Stops.

When the track is slippery, careful drivers sometimes sprinkle the rails with sand; so a little rough and hard experience is very often helpful on the slippery paths of life.



Don't be impatient at the inclines.

If you expect a stock of grace to be given you for the through journey to heaven you will be disappointed. Firemen keep up the fires, and the engineers keep up the steam as they go along. So must you.

Never get off a train until it is stopped. It is the hurrying off before meetings are over that is the cause of many getting crippled in their experience.

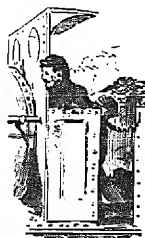


An Awful Smash.

A lamp cleaner may become a manager of railways, but faithfulness, application to duty and experience are essential elements in such a consummation. Go ahead, comrade! You don't know what God Almighty intends to make of you.

Accidents do not always happen at the points. Some trains clear the station all right, but get telescoped afterwards by running on the wrong line. Starting is not everything; see that you keep on the right line.

Good drivers do not try to make up time when going into a station; they do that on



Keep a Good Look-out.

the journey. So let every traveler on the heavenly line do, and not try to make up lost time and opportunities on coming to the terminals.

It is not highly-polished engines, nor nicely-cushioned cars, or the evenly-laid line that propels the train along. It is the blazing coals that keep things going. So the Holy Ghost fire is the propelling power of all religious machinery.

Wickedly-disposed persons have been known to place obstacles on the railway line to the risk of passengers' lives and destruction of property, but watchful drivers have seen them in time. The devil will place a thousand and one things on your track to overthrow you and rob you of your salvation. Keep your lights burning brightly and a good look-out, and you will detect them.—Capt. Wyatt, Perth.

## THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

### "THE FORBIDDEN LAND."

Tibet (or the Snowy Kingdom) is the loftiest tableland on the face of the earth. The inhabitants form a branch of the Mongolian Family. Almost the only industry in Tibet is pasturage, the staple product being wool, of which great quantities of the finest texture are produced on the boundless grassy plains and mountain slopes in the lower and more sheltered parts of the country. The Tibetans are said to be born traders. Every house is a shop, every Buddhist monastery a warehouse. Caravans of yaks and sheep heavily-laden cross the country in all directions.

The Tibetan women are conspicuous for their long bright-colored dresses, fastened round the waist by red or green sashes, clumsy top boots, and their elaborate head-dress. The hair is usually done up in a number of small plaits which hang down the back and are fastened at the ends with strips of gay-colored cloth, or by a heavy band of pasteboard or felt, covered with silver ornaments, shells, and beads, and on the top of all a hat with white fur brim and red tassels hanging from the pointed crown. They wear great pendant rings in their ears, to which are attached strings of beads. Compared with their Chinese neighbors, who are distinguished from them by bare heads, black hair shining with linsed oil, common blue dresses and dclormed feet, they are very attractive.

Morality among the Tibetans is, however, much lower than among the Chinese, and it would be difficult to outdo them in the matter of filth. Though they will take great pains to drive their horses to the river in order to have a thorough cleansing, they never repeat the experiment on themselves or their children. Indeed, the calves and fawns tied to the tent posts receive more attention than the children. When the weather is warm these may be seen playing around the tents in their birthday suits, and with no other covering than a string of something about their necks, which is supposed to act as a charm. Whilst very young their mothers paste them with butter and lay them in the sun. As they grow older they become very expert riders, jumping on the backs of horses, and even cows, and riding down hill at full speed. Otherwise their lives are destitute of pleasure. They have no playthings, and no one stops to caress them—not even their own parents.

The only large town in Tibet is Lhasa, the capital, which is the religious metropolis of the Buddhist world in the Chinese Empire. The lamas, or Buddhist priests in Lhasa are said to number twenty thousand, and the High Priest is the Daai-hama who resides at the capital.

Dr. Rijnhart dissipates many Western notions concerning the beliefs and practices of the Buddhists in Tibet. At best, Buddhism,



A Group of Lama Priests.

she says, is a rayless belief which offers the human spirit no brighter prospect than to be broken again and again on the "Wheel of Existence," struggling in its own strength for countless ages with the forces of evil, with no better promise than annihilation at the end.

During her residence in Tibet the same writer found the mass of lamas, or Buddhist teachers, to be ignorant, superstitious, and intellectually atrophied, ten centuries of Buddhism being responsible for their terrible mental stagnation.

Although all lamas do not drink, the majority of them are addicted to both wine and gluttony, despite the teachings of Buddha, and far from being vegetarians, they devour meat greedily.

(To be continued.)

### EFFECTS OF INTOXICANTS.

Wine and other physical exhilarants, during the treacherous truce to wretchedness which they afford, dilapidate the structure and undermine the very foundation of happiness. No man, perhaps, was ever completely miserable, until after he had fled to alcohol for consolation. The habit of vinous indulgence is not more pernicious, than it is obstinate and pertinacious in its hold, when it has once fastened itself upon the constitution. It is not to be conquered by half measures. No compromise with it is allowable. The victory over it, in order to be permanent, must be perfect. As long as there lurks a relic of it in the frame, there is imminent danger of a relapse of this moral malady, from which there seldom is, as from physical disorders, a gradual convalescence. The cure, if at all, must be effected at once; cutting and pruning will do no good; nothing will be of any avail short of absolute extirpation. The man who has been the slave of intemperance, must renounce her altogether, or she will insensibly re-assume her despotic power. With such a mistress, if he seriously mean to discard her, he should indulge himself in no dalliance or delay. He must not allow his lips a taste of her former fascination.

Webb, the noted swimmer, who was remarkable for vigor both of body and mind, lived wholly upon water for his drink. He was one day recommending his regimen to one of his friends who loved wine, and urged him with great earnestness, to quit a course of luxury by which his health and intellects would equally be destroyed. The gentleman appeared convinced, and told him "that he would conform to his counsel, and though he could not change his course of life at once, he would leave off strong liquors by degrees." "By degrees," said the other, with indignation; "if you should unhappily fall into the fire, would you caution your servants to pull you out by degrees?"

### KEPT!

He guides the stars in their courses,  
And the suns in their march through space:  
He keeps the worlds revolving  
And running their wondrous race.

And throughout the starry heavens,  
And the vaster infinity,  
'Tis He who the whole upholdeth;

Then surely He can keep me?

Brigadier Complin.



### Chapter VI.

One night, having won the "winner," and secured the extent of a whole five, aside for the nonce his silk hat, each more chased by the outlay of his unexpectedly acquired wealth. Thus we find him in his old style seated in to Leicester Square, and

Frequently stopping way for sundry refreshments, alighted in front of the for, and with all the rick intoxicated roue marked his seat at his own wine list.

There he stayed till had departed, when, with staggering gait, he made

Aimlessly wandering brought him at length

The theatres and charging their crowds, "ers" were swiftly passing

As Curley blindly road, opposite the station, a passing vehicle and

Instantly a crowd gathered, made his appearance, and cured, and Curley, now conveyed to the

For some days a bro here, and at length he boring workhouse.

It so happened that "poorhouse" took some erratic patient, and who mended he took the trou employment.

It was as "reader" is lishing house in London found a billet, and for fairly-well conducted, as a better man altogether came.

The old temptation much for him, and he four winds and set out His position was filled he had drunk all his mo again "a wanderer on

Day after day he loung now and again making writing some report or journal and engaging in

By these means he m and soul alive and suppl Needless to say, this did prosperous income and time, but by dint of cun managed to scrape tog suit of clothes.

Wearing these he m into many cafes that h to him on account of

### Chapter VII.—Curley

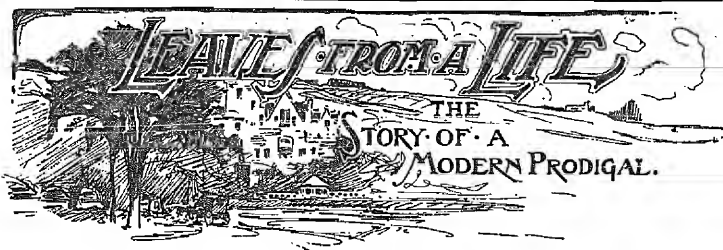
After a few weeks of found himself wandering Road, in the East End o less and homeless condit

True, he could if he mother's home, but that

You see, even in his he had some little sens

As he wandered aiml





## Chapter VI.—(Continued.)

One night, having that day "backed a winner," and secured wealth to the unusual extent of a whole five dollar bill, he cast aside for the nonce his vagrant appearance by coming forth arrayed in a frock coat and silk hat, each more faded than fresh, purchased by the outlay of about a quarter of his unexpectedly acquired "fortune."

Thus we find him clad in a semblance of his old style seated in a hansom on his way to Leicester Square, and one of his old haunts.

Frequently stopping the hansom on the way for sundry refreshments, Curley at last alighted in front of the tavern he was bound for, and with all the ridiculous dignity of the intoxicated rouse marched downstairs and took his seat at his old table and scanned the wine list.

There he stayed till the last of his wealth had departed, when, with flushed face and staggering gait, he made his way out.

Amlessly wandering on, his footsteps brought him at length to Blackfriars Bridge.

The theatres and music halls were discharging their crowds, and cabs and "growlers" were swiftly passing and re-passing.

As Curley blindly staggered across the road, opposite the station, he was caught by a passing vehicle and flung to the ground.

Instantly a crowd gathered, a policeman made his appearance, an ambulance was procured, and Curley, now insensible, was quickly conveyed to the Charing Cross Hospital.

For some days a broken leg detained him here, and at length he was drafted to a neighboring workhouse.

It so happened that the master of the "poorhouse" took some slight interest in his erratic patient, and when he was sufficiently mended he took the trouble to procure Curley employment.

It was as "reader" in a well-known publishing house in London that Curley was found a billet, and for some weeks he was fairly well conducted, and promised to make a better man altogether; but at last the crisis came.

The old temptation to drink became too much for him, and he threw prudence to the four winds and set out for "a good time." His position was filled by another, and when he had drunk all his money away he became again "a wanderer on the face of the earth."

Day after day he loitered around the streets, now and again making an odd shilling by writing some report or other for an evening journal and engaging in "free lance" journalism.

By these means he managed to keep body and soul alive and supply himself with drink. Needless to say, this did not bring him a very prosperous income and he had a pretty rough time, but by dint of cunning perseverance he managed to scrape together a fairly decent suit of clothes.

Wearing these he managed to gain entry into many cafes that hitherto had been closed to him on account of his disreputable appearance.

## Chapter VII.—Curley Gets Converted.

After a few weeks of constant drinking he found himself wandering down Whitechapel Road, in the East End of London, in a penniless and homeless condition.

True, he could if he minded, go to his mother's home, but that he would not do.

You see, even in his depraved condition he had some little sense of shame.

As he wandered aimlessly along the bril-

liantly-lighted streets, into the Whitechapel Road, his thoughts were dwelling in a half-muddled condition on the past events of his life—his brilliant prospects, his father's sudden death, his adventurous life in South Africa, his return with slight honors, and then this.

Suddenly his attention was drawn to a brightly-lighted room, from which strains from a band came.

Curley looked with interest at the building, but as his sight was none too good, he did not see what it was.

Just then a man who knew him, a respectable artisan, came by, and, seeing Curley, entered into conversation.

As they talked it began to rain, and so they entered the hall from which such sweet



"... and took his seat at his old table."

strains came, and found themselves in a long, commodious building, well lighted, and in the centre of which were forms filled with men of almost every description of life's many stages. Old and young, evil-looking and good-looking, were mingled indiscriminately. Some munched huge slices of bread and butter, some ate buns and drank tea and coffee from huge thick mugs, and amid all came the strains of the band.

Seated upon a platform at the far end of the room was a party of men garbed in a species of uniform—blue tunic, red jersey with an attractive crest on the centre, and by their side peaked hats with a red band and embellished with gold letters.

Sprinkled on forms in the immediate front were a female or two, garbed in sober blue dresses, with semi-uniform blouses, and on their pretty heads those delightfully-picturesque poke bonnets that carry one's memory back to years and years ago.

With a flash of inspiration came the

thought to Curley, this, then, was the famous Salvation Army he had strayed upon.

With senses half dulled by his recent debauch he still subdued that feeling of north that had seized him at first, and he composed his features to a degree of solemnity that was foreign to him.

After the selection from the band was over, a small, intelligent-looking officer arose and announced a hymn in the "Soldiers' Song Book."

The chorus of the song was a rousing one, and Curley, despite the fact that he did not know the words and had no book, found himself humming and half singing with the others.

Then the leader announced the fact that Ensign Robinson would address the meeting. Yes, and address it he did. Though not a brilliant speaker, or an efficient platform orator, he spoke plain truths. Truths about the lives of men such as he then faced, in all their badness, without the polished embellishments that so detract from their hideousness, and he spoke words of pity and love to them. Such as one, Curley thought, would imagine God would speak to them.

And he told them all in language so simple and plain that if they would take the one necessary step that would lead them to a better life, to a brighter future, and a happier present, and above all to secure true life hereafter, they could receive those blessings then and there. That one

step was public confession of their past sins and follies, to be shown by the act of coming out from their seats and kneeling down and asking God, either silently or aloud, to pardon them and help them to leave the past behind, forgotten and forgiven, and to live a future life as a Christian, ready to praise His name anywhere and everywhere.

So stirring and so striking was the appeal, so genuine was the tone in which it was delivered that Curley fancied that the speaker was addressing him individually.

The Salvationists started their song, "Just as I am without one plea," and before Curley was fully aware of the fact he was up on his feet and forcing his way, regardless of the feet he trod on or the oaths flung at him for his roughness, to the penitential form.

Here he commenced to weep bitterly.

All the dark past seemed reviewed in front of his streaming eyes, and with uplifted head and tear-stained face he cried aloud,

"Oh, my God, my God, have mercy!" and then a blessed peace seemed to fill him, and he calmed his emotions, and he poured out his words of thanks and praise to God.

As one rough navvy, who, notwithstanding his rough garb and manners, was a Christian Salvationist, said, "There came a right grand change in that there chap's face, and I knew as 'ow he was right saved."

After the meeting Curley was interviewed by Ensign Robinson, who was in charge of the Shelter there, and on his acknowledging his position and the state of his finances—he had four cents only—he was fed and given a good, clean bed, and the genial, kindly Ensign prayed with him by his bedside, and commended him to the merciful hands of God, to direct the forthcoming day and what it might bring forth.

(To be continued.)

Its need of salvation is the secret of the world's sadness.



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### THE GENERAL'S MESSAGE.

To his Canadian forces the General forwards the following, through the medium of a special cable, to the Toronto Evening Telegram:

"The International Congress has, I am happy to inform my Canadian comrades, far exceeded my expectations as to influence, numbers, and results. God has graciously and richly blessed us, and the spirit of love and unity has had free course. Six thousand delegates drawn from all parts of the world have basked in the spirit of true brotherhood and known no man after the flesh. On every hand favors have been shown us, from the King in his palace to the policeman and coster on the street. The Congress has opened the eyes of London to the magnitude of its beneficent work and the possibilities of the Army throughout the world. The largest buildings in the city, as well as the Crystal Palace, have been gorged with people eager to see the world's delegates and listen to their testimonies.

"The Canadian Contingent played a conspicuous part in the Congress: their processions in the streets awakened much public interest. The large buildings which specially demonstrated the ramifications of the work in the Dominion were crowded to excess. The contingent has also enlightened the average man as to the vastness of the resources and possibilities of Canada; it has provided a sound education in this direction, it has brought very clearly before their British comrades the advanced civilization and government which you enjoy and made the public feel justly proud of the honorable position which Canada holds under the British crown.

"All this has deepened my gratitude to God and increased our faith as to the future. We must go on to justify the hopes and expectations thus created—there is no royal path. The cross must more than ever be the attraction, the salvation of men our highest ambition. I send you greetings and blessing, and hope in the providence of God to see you again in the flesh."

Staff-Capt. Myles, of the Social Farm, has not been in his usual health for some weeks past, having suffered severely with rheumatism. He is one of those "never-say-die" men, who toil on silently behind the scenes. God bless and restore the Staff-Captain.

It is with deepest regret we have to record the painfully sudden demise of the wife of Mr. Geo. Murray, an old employee in our Printing Department. We extend to him our heart-felt sympathy in his bereavement, and pray God's comforting presence may cheer and sustain him and his three children in this trying time.

## A Canadian's Impressions OF THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS HALL OPENING.

It was immense!

This is the nearest Canadian phrase to describe it, even after the never-to-be-forgotten Albert Hall reception.

The huge canvas sign, which cannot be passed unnoticed by the tens of thousands of pedestrians and occupants of buses and more pretentious vehicles which continually pass the site of the International Congress Hall, easily directed the thousands of foreign delegates to their modern tabernacle, erected in one of the finest and most central situations in the great Metropolis of the World. Only a few years ago, the General told us, it was "The Devil's Hole," a site infamous for its vice and crime. What a transformation!

The great hall is more substantial and spacious than it first appears to the observer. It will accommodate over five thousand people, and every seat, as well as some standing room, was occupied at the opening meeting on Saturday afternoon.

### A Rousing Reception.

Promptly at four o'clock the General entered, accompanied by the Commissioners, being received by deafening volleys.

Faces, faces, faces!

What a sea of faces was turned toward the platform! Many dashes of color broke the sombre patches of blue and black; especially conspicuous were the dusky Hindoos in their melon-tinted turbans and red tunics, the red, white, and blue of the French Band, the scarlet coats of the Canadians, and the numerous picturesque and quaint costumes of the representatives of Holland, Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Germany, Italy, and other countries.

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing," was sung by more than a thousand tongues, and in more than one as well. Commissioner McAlonan, from Sweden, and Mrs. Booth-Hellberg, from Switzerland, led in prayer, while every heart was receptive.

A perfect hurricane of applause greeted the General, whose shining countenance, Moscovite-like, beamed blessings upon his assembled people.

Referring to the site and present structure, the General expressed the wish that the London County Council, in some fit of generosity, might present the site to the Salvation Army, and that some American millionaire might supply the needed cash to erect a permanent Salvation Temple.

### Dedicated to the Lord.

The General called upon Commissioner

Oliphant, of Germany, to open the Congress Hall with prayer. Six thousand hearts and lips said "Amen" to the dedicatory prayer that the glory of our God might flood the building and fill us all with His Spirit.

"We'll roll the old chariot along" was started by our veteran General, and the strain taken up in many languages, but with the one universal spirit of the world-wide Army.

Every eye was directed toward the grand central figure of the great Congress, and every ear was strained to catch his words, as he reviewed from our present "Alpine height" the origin and unfolding of the Army, and while he spoke our hearts burned within us, and, if such be possible, we learned to love our invincible Chieftain even more.

But we were told that the future will make the Salvation Army even a much mightier concern than it is at the present moment. Other countries must be opened, the General is determined upon invading Russia, China, Persia, and Tibet.

### The Next Opening.

An excellent address was given by Commander Booth-Tucker, who stated that from the President of the United States to the poorest citizen of the Bowery, the General was beloved and the Army respected. He mentioned that a gentleman had offered one thousand dollars to open our work in Mexico, and one hundred dollars per month until it was self-supporting, and he hoped it would be the fiftieth country to be invaded by the Salvation Army.

Other speakers were Commissioner McKie, of the Australian Commonwealth; Commissioner Cosandey, of our "Latin Union," comprising France, Belgium, and Italy; Mrs. Commissioner Oliphant, of Germany; Major Samara Veera, a native of Ceylon, and the Editor of the Japanese War Cry.

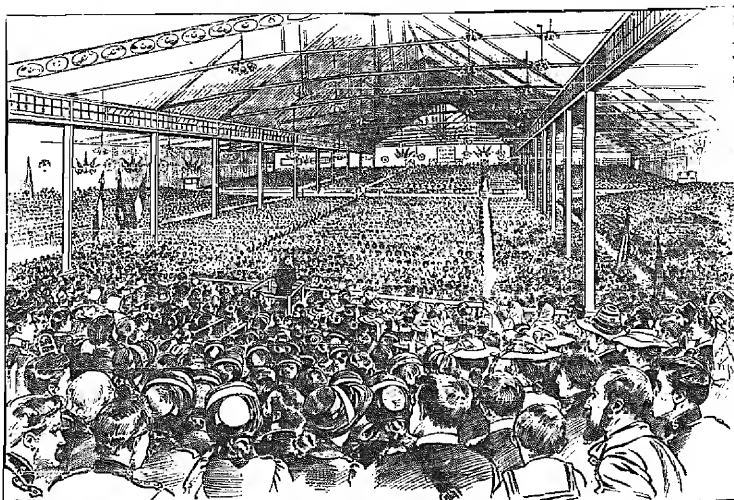
With his blessing the General dismissed the meeting, which will henceforth form one of historic record in the chronicles of the Salvation Army.—B. F.

## THE PRISON GATE SECRETARY AT WINNIPEG.

(By Wire.)

Splendid ovation accorded Brigadier Archibald. Grand crowds. Prison Gate lecture delivered last night; tears mingled with laughter; pathos mixed with joy. Tremendous interest manifested. Finances eighty dollars. Corps anxious for return visit.—Mrs. Adj. Alward.

A South Norwood expert holds post-mortems on birds. His ordinary fee is 36c.



THE GENERAL OPENING THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL HALL, STRAND, LONDON.



# Our Commissioner in London.

THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT'S SPECIAL MEETINGS AT REGENT'S HALL AND EXETER HALL—MISS BOOTH'S ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION—HELD IN WARM MEMORY BY HIGH AND LOW.

"I'll be there!"

From hundreds of lips I heard this phrase repeated whenever the meetings of the "Field Commissioner," as our Commissioner is best known in London, were announced from the platforms of the Albert Hall and the new Strand Hall.

And they came!

They came in crowds that packed the spacious Regent's Hall on Sunday morning. They came in such crowds in the afternoon that only half gained an entrance, and they swarmed in thousands around the entrance so that the returning procession could scarcely enter. Eight policemen tried to keep a passage open, but with utmost difficulty we pressed our way in one by one. When the meeting closed at night there were nearly as many people in the building as when we opened, the places of the departing people being speedily taken by those who had stood outside.

The Commissioner at each meeting was vociferously greeted with such applause as I have scarcely heard anywhere before. The fine Regent's Hall Band played, "Should old acquaintance be forgot," and tears of joy were noticed in scores of eyes. There was no mistake about the way the people wished it to be understood they loved their former leader.

The Canadian Contingent turned out well for the marches and made an excellent show. The famous Regent's Hall Band headed the procession, followed by leading officers of the Territory; then our Staff Band, women officers, the Newfoundland Contingent in sailor costume, the Bermuda Colored Band, and finally the men officers in their scarlet tunics. Crowds of people waited for the march, and marched with us the entire route of procession. The three bands played in turns.

The morning meeting was beautiful. The Commissioner spoke with freedom and force, while her audience listened with exemplary attention, drinking in every word. Never did our beloved leader speak more earnestly. Thirty souls was the glorious result, as far as human eyes could definitely see and count.

The afternoon meeting was a happy free-and-easy in the fullest meaning of that term. The selections by the Bermuda Band and the playing of the Staff Band were generously applauded, and the Staff Band did play splendidly. Staff-Capt. Morris deserves every credit for the excellent training he has given in such a limited time to his musicians.

Our Male Quartet sang twice, and the camp-meeting song took the house by storm. Newfoundlanders sang with their well-known fervency, and with their feet as well, "In a little while I am going home."

Among the speakers were Major Burditt, Staff-Capt. Manton, and Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

One of the most enjoyable as well as most exquisitely-sung numbers was a quartet by some of the Regent band boys, entitled, "The great, eternal remedy." It is, I believe, composed and arranged by one of their number, is proper blood-and-fire style, and yet was sung with fine precision and expression, and by harmonious voices.

Mrs. Brigadier Hargrave also sang one of her favorites—"Only to love and serve Thee."

Between the meetings the bandsmen had provided abundant and excellent food and good tea, of which we all partook freely and with great relish.

At night the crush was fearful. Not another soul could be put in the hall. Commissioner Nicol, on behalf of I.H.Q., welcomed the Commissioner and her Contingent,

while the officer in charge, Major Robertson, better known as the one-legged prophet, invited our leader and her officers back for another meeting.

The Commissioner launched out with the same ease and power as in the morning, and at once swayed her audience at her wish from the first sentence to her concluding remarks.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," was the burden of her talk, and with characteristic eloquence and earnestness she appealed to every class of her hearers. The palpable presence of God worked mightily and brought between fifty and sixty more to the penitent form. Many volunteered and numbers came completely broken down and sobbing bitterly. We finished late, but with glad hearts, and feeling that there was not one soul present which would not treasure the memory of that glorious Sunday with its rich blessings.

The officers and soldiers, as well as the people, were kindness itself. The band boys worked like Trojans, turning out for every march, helping in the prayer meetings, and between meetings providing refreshments and serving the meals to us. We carry away the deepest sense of our indebtedness to them for our personal comfort, as well as the splendid help they rendered in the meetings, and shall have the most pleasant memories of our association.

God bless the Rink!

The Great Exeter Hall Meeting.

Tuesday night, 7.30, was the day and time set for the Canadian meeting of the International Congress. The meeting in the Strand Hall began at 6.30 p.m., and the place was crowded with 7,000 hearers before that time. Before seven o'clock the Exeter Hall held 4,000 people, and scarcely permissible standing room left.

The meeting was unique and most enthusiastic. Needless to say, the welcome given to the Field Commissioner was deafening and seemed likely to go on, had not the band played "Old Hundredth" to cut it off, and then the applause awoke again, and was smothered with difficulty only.

Ensign Gillam sang again his rousing solo, "I'm glad I'm a Salvation soldier," after the preliminary prayers, and Commissioner Howard, the Foreign Secretary, introduced the Commissioner, with half a dozen words, as an old friend. (Prolonged applause.)

Our intrepid commander stood forward with her splendidly-embazoned composite flag, embodying the Canadian Ensign and the Blood-and-Fire Flag, as well as bearing the emblems of Bermuda, the Klondike, Newfoundland, and the Prison and Missionary

Work. Her account of advances in Canada called forth repeated and sustained applause, for in splendid formation she marshalled the accomplishments of her command before the appreciative audience. She concluded her remarks by calling for the chorus—

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
There's no friend like Jesus,  
There's no place like home."

Among the other features of the meeting may be mentioned the selection by the Staff Band, the Male Quartet's "Way over yonder on the hilltop," and the drills of the Bermuda children, which especially delighted the people.

Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich introduced the Red Indians, and said a few words of explanation about them. Adj. Thorkildson, in his original style, also spoke, and John, the native soldier from our settlement, gave his testimony in a characteristic fashion, which aroused much applause. The meeting was a most happy and free demonstration, which again clearly showed how deep-seated is the affection in which our remarkable Territorial leader is held by the people of this vast city.

**PITHY PARS.**

A copy of Wycliff's New Testament, nearly 500 years old, was sold recently in England for \$580.

More women than men go blind in Sweden, Norway and Iceland; more men than women in the rest of Europe.

A song called the "Hymn to Apollo," written 280 years B.C., has just been sung for the first time in England.

The only two great European capitals that never have been occupied by a foreign foe are London and St. Petersburg.

The real "harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed," is in the museum of the Trinity College, Dublin.

A new idea is to have the number on the front doors of houses painted in luminous paint, so that it is visible in the dark.

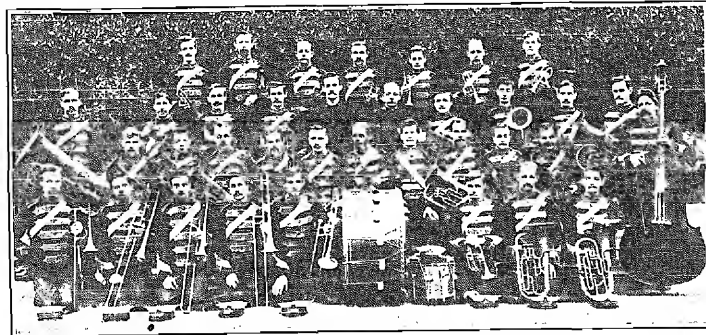
Close to Blackfriar's Bridge, London, is an eel-market, where eels are sold by the handful, the price being "fourpence a grab."

The cinematograph is being put to novel use by Paris surgeons in teaching students how to perform various surgical operations.

Diamonds were first discovered in South Africa in 1867 and 1869. It was not until 1870 that the rush set in to Griqualand-West.

Thirty-six officers and men of the London Fire Brigade last year earned the L.C.C. certificate for "special merit in saving life from fire."

The Grand Duchess Olga, the eldest daughter of the Czar, is said to rise at six every morning, winter and summer, to study, and she is always guarded by a number of detectives.



REGENT'S HALL BAND (THE RINK).

One of the finest of London's Brass Bands, which royally treated the Field Commissioner and Canadian Contingent while entertaining them on Sunday, June 25th.







# Young People's Page

## The World's Great Men.

GENERAL CHARLES GEORGE GORDON.  
1833-1885.—(Continued.)

On December 14th he wrote to Major Watson, R.E., Cairo, that he thought that the game was up, and that a catastrophe might be expected in ten days' time, and sent his adieu to all. On the same day he wrote to his sister: "I am quite happy, thank God; and, like Lawrence, I have tried to do my duty." His diary on the same day ended with, "I have done my best for the honor of my country. Good-bye." It was necessary, for the safety of his troops, that Wilson should make a reconnaissance down the river towards Berber before going to Khartoum, and when he started up the river, on January 24th, the difficulties were so great that it was midday before they reached the goal, and then only to find it in the hands of the Mahdi, Khartoum having fallen early on the 26th, after a siege of 317 days.

From the most accurate information since obtained, it seems that the garrison, early in January, had been reduced to great straits for want of food, and great numbers of the inhabitants had availed themselves of Gordon's permission to join the Mahdi. Omdurman, opposite Khartoum, on the west bank of the river, fell about January 13th, and about the 14th a sortie was made, in which some serious fighting took place.

The state of the garrison then grew desperate. Gordon continued to visit the posts and the beleaguered garrison. The news of Sir H. St. John's expedition, and the successful engagements it had fought on the way to Metemeh, determined the Mahdi to storm Khartoum before reinforcements came to its relief. The attack was made on the south front at 3.30 a.m., on Monday, January 28th, 1885. The defence was half-hearted, treachery was at work, and Gordon received no tidings of the assault. The rebels made good their entrance, and then a general massacre ensued.

The accounts of Gordon's death are confused and conflicting, but they all agree that he was killed near the gate of the palace, and his head carried to the Mahdi camp.

Intelligence of the catastrophe reached England on Thursday, February 6th.

The outburst of popular grief, not only in England and her colonies, but also among foreign nations, has hardly been paralleled. It was universally acknowledged that the world had lost a hero. Friday, March 13th, was then observed as a day of national mourning, and special services were held in the cathedrals and in many churches of the land, those held at Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's being attended by the Royal Family. Members of both Houses of Parliament, and representatives of the military and naval services. Parliament voted a national monument to be placed in Trafalgar Square, and the sum of £10,000 to his relatives. More general expression of the people's admiration of Gordon's character was given by the institution of the "Gordon's Boys' Home," for homeless and destitute boys. Gordon's altar presented to the town of Southampton on her brother's library in March, 1889.

Gordon's character was unique. Simple-minded, modest and almost morbidly retiring, he was fearless and outspoken when occasion required. Strong in will and prompt in action, with a naturally hot temper, he was forgiving to a fault. Somewhat brusque in manner, his disposition was singularly attractive, winning all hearts.

Weakness and suffering at once enlisted his interest.

Caring nothing for what was said of him, he was indifferent to praise or reward, and had supreme contempt for money. His whole being was dominated by a Christian faith, at once so real and earnest, that although his religious views were tinged with mysticism, the object of his life was the entire surrender of himself to work out whatever he believed to be the will of God.

## TURNING ASIDE!

OR, HOW ELLA FARRELL GAVE UP HER COMMISSION.

A Story With a Lesson for Corps-Cadets.

"And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die: for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."—Gen. III. 4, 5.

Ella was a promising young Cadet. How wonderfully God had called her to the position she now held! For some years she lived as she considered a Christian ought to live; but when, only a few years ago, the Salvation Army came to the town, they impressed her with the realities of life and death, and made her feel that a greater life of usefulness than the one which she led was enshrouded upon every Christian. God's call to her to become a Salvationist was a very definite one, and thus it came about that in spite of great opposition from her friends and her own family, Ella became a soldier. She proved herself sincere, and was given a position which she filled most creditably.

The class allotted to her was composed of boys, who, not being in the habit of attending Sunday School, and having been attracted to the young people's meetings by the lively singing, etc., were inclined to be unruly, and called forth all the patience and love of which a follower of Christ is possessed.

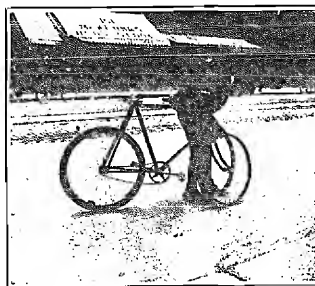
It was at a time when Ella was feeling discouraged

that the superintendent of the Sunday School, to which she previously belonged, came to her, offering her a class in his school. He argued that God never intended her to be harassed with a class of unruly boys, when another class was vacant who would give to her words and energies all the attention they demanded. She listened—thought of God's call to her to be a Salvationist. Was it right that she should turn aside?

While she was thus wavering, Satan, ever ready with his plausible arguments, said to her as he did to Eve, "Thou shalt not surely die." It does not mean breaking your vows; your usefulness will not be lessened; your talents will only be put to better advantage, and, who knows?" continued the tempter. "It may mean the conversion of your loved ones and those companions with whom you previously associated. You will be able to work in the church, and, altogether, your sphere of usefulness will be increased." Satan always tells the bright side of things. It is not his policy to do otherwise. Ella listened to his voice, yielded to his subtle arguments, gave in her commission, and started her new work.

In a very short time she found that she was growing cold. Her class did not call forth the patience—did not drive her to her knees as often as her Salvation Army company had done; and as for the companions Satan told her she would help, she found herself slowly but surely drifting into the same indifference as they possessed. She realized—and, oh, how bitter the realization!—that she had turned aside from God's path for her, and had lost His favor. Satan has ever been a deceiver. He deceived Eve with what was in itself good, and he deceived Ella in the same way. While the work was a good one in itself, yet it was not in accordance with the will of God; thereby by the sin. It was a way that seemed right to man, but as it was not the will of God it practically terminated a life of usefulness.

Cadet turn not to the right hand nor to the left. God's purpose for you does not alter. Has He called you to be a Salvationist? If so, depend upon it that in no other sphere of life will God bless your work. No matter how alluring the temptation, do God's will. He changes not. "To obey is better than sacrifice."—G. M. H.



A Busted Tire. (S. A. Photo.)

## SMOKE HEALS WOUNDS.

Every little while we read in the papers that some one has run a nail into his hand or foot or other portion of the body, and loekjaw resulted therefrom, and that the patient died. If every person was aware of a perfect remedy for such wounds, and would apply it, then such reports would cease. The remedy is simple, always at hand, can be applied by anyone—what is better, is infallible. It is simply to smoke the wound, or any wound that is bruised or inflamed with a woolen cloth. Twenty minutes in the smoke will take the pain out of the worst case of inflammation arising from such a wound. People may sneer at this remedy as much as they please, but when they are afflicted with such wounds, let them try it.—Granite Gem.

## STRAIGHTEN UP.

God made your backbone to be erect, not curved and hunched. He formed it of several bones, so that it would bend to fit different positions, but the natural position is erect. Sit straight so your lungs will have room to work in. Your lungs have two sets of cells, one for use in the air for breathing, and the other for use in the blood for pumping. Now, when you stoop you cannot get air enough to purify the blood; these little cells are squeezed together. Give the lungs room enough to pump in all the pure air they need, and to do this you must sit and stand straight. And, then, think of how much better you look. You don't like to see boys and girls all stooped over, do you? Round shoulders make you look smaller and slouchy. And, then, it isn't as your Master intended you to be.

Adversity is God calling us to give up our pervertedly.

Your attitude with men depends on your attitude with God.

## The Amateur Photographer.

Bromide Process.—(Continued.)

The following are the developing formulae for bromide enlargements:

I.—Oxalate of Potash Solution.—Oxalate of potash, 1lb.; hot water, 48oz.

Add with sulphuric acid, or citric acid, and test with litmus-paper according to previous instructions. About 3dr. of the acetic acid will be found sufficient for the purpose.

II.—Iron Solution.—Proto-sulphate of iron, 1lb.; hot water, 32oz.; acetic acid, 1/4dr. (or if substituted for acetic, citric acid, 1/4oz.).

III.—Bromide Solution.—Bromide of potassium, 1oz.; water, 32oz.

These solutions keep well separately, but must be mixed only for immediate use.

Clearing Solution.—Acetic acid, 1dr.; alum, 1/2lb.; water, 32oz.

Fixing Bath.—Hypo-sulphite of soda, 3oz.; water, 16oz.

To develop, mix strictly in the following order: Oxalate of potash solution, 6oz.; iron solution, 1oz.; bromide solution, 1dr.

After exposure, and previous to development, soak the paper in clean water till limp; then place in the developing-tray and pour developer over in one even wave. The image should appear gradually; and when the shadows are sufficiently developed, but before the picture gets too dark, take out and place, without washing, in the clearing-bath. Use plenty of clearing solution in the bath, after remaining immersed for a minute or so, pour the clearing solution off and apply a fresh dose, repeating this a third time; then rinse well, and immerse in the fixing-bath. When fixed, wash thoroughly for an hour, and then hang up to dry. If a large number of prints are required, it is best to develop one by itself, so as to ascertain the correct exposure of that particular negative, and then afterwards to defer development till the whole of the printing is complete. Clear immediately after development, and then place the print in a vessel of clean water to wait till all are developed and "cleared," so that the whole may be fixed at one time in a large vessel suitable for the work. Before being fixed, it is necessary to keep the prints perfectly dark, and, should printing be done in the dark room, they must be covered up well.

## FOUND STOLEN CHILD AS BEGGAR.

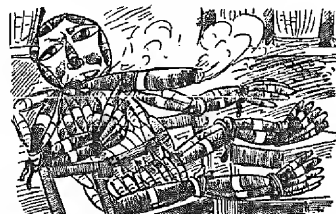
A woman from a neighboring village was visiting the annual market in Temesvar, Hungary, when a dirty, half-crippled little girl begged money from her. With a cry of joy the woman clasped the ragged gipsy child to her breast, to the amazement of the bystanders. It was her own child, who had been stolen from her three years ago by gipsies. The police arrested the gipsy woman for whom the child had been compelled to beg.

Though the devil brings to spiritual, and often actual, beggary all who allow him to take them captive, this is a great joy to God to take them back to His own heart and home. (Luke xv. 7.)

## AN OBJECT LESSON.

A French artist was in the habit of continually questioning the ways of Providence in the government of the world. One day, while visiting a ribbon manufactory, his attention was attracted by an extraordinary piece of machinery composed of countless wheels, and thousands of threads were whirling in all directions. He could understand nothing of its movements. He was informed, however, that all the motions were connected with the centre, which was hidden from view in another room. Anxious to understand the principle of the machine, he asked permission to see the interior. "The master has the key," was the reply of the servant. These words acted like magic. Here was the answer to all his perplexed thoughts! "The Master has the key." He governs and directs all things. It is enough. Our spiritual life is made up of a series of threads upon the loom of the great Artificer, and perfected by the shuttle of Time. The design must be in the hands of the Artificer, who has to choose each color, tint, and shade. Any question on our part may cause the slipping of some stitch or cord, and thus mar the fabric. Any interference from self may check the progress and throw the machinery out of gear. We must bow to the wisdom of God.

## AN UP-TO-DATE IDOL.



Worshipped by so many with such deleterious effects, A constant source of waste.

# THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS

THE GREATEST STIR YET CREATED IN THE WORLD'S METROPOLIS BY THE SALVATION ARMY—ALBERT HALL RECEPTION GREATEST TRIUMPH—MESSAGES OF WELCOME FROM THE KING AND LORD MAYOR—BEWILDERING SIGHTS—GREAT HALL ON THE STRAND CROWDED THREE TIMES A DAY AND EXETER HALL NIGHTLY—DELUGE OF SALVATION AND BLESSING.

"The greatest triumph of the Salvation Army in the way of public gatherings," was by common assent the verdict on the opening of the great International Congress, in the Albert Hall.

Never before had their been experienced such a thrill of salvation through the city, and doubtless the electrifying influence of that wonderful series of huge and blessed meetings will be felt throughout the world. It was a gracious act for the King to receive the General just before the great demonstration, and so emphasize the kind appreciation and sympathy which the Royal Family has had for the work of the Salvation Army in its successful efforts to lessen human misery and suffering, relieve distress and poverty, and preach a gospel of hope and help to the most needy.

Never before had the press given so much space to Salvation Army affairs than at that juncture, and every foreign visitor was deeply impressed with the kindness and consideration of the London public and the police force.

A Swiss delegate had lost his way in the winding entanglement of London's central streets and lanes. When he realized his position he went to a policeman, and, being unable to speak a word of English, he shook his head and hands and turned around. The policeman at once understood and conducted him to the Strand Hall. The Swiss Salutist is now full of praise for the London policeman.

The General has been a marvel. Of course, he remains the grand central personality that stands out in appearance even in a throng of thousands, ably seconded by the chief, Mr. Bramwell Booth.

The Albert Hall is a huge edifice, the vastness can scarcely be guessed except when filled with ten thousand spectators. But "everything in this Congress is on the large scale," as one writer expressed it. The actual representation of the nations of the world among whom the Salvation Army is at work, and the actual samples of our work in redeemed flesh and blood, speak more eloquently and makes more friends and admirers of the Salvation Army than any amount of arguments, preachments, or books could do. This one phase of the Congress alone is so far-reaching as to make its influence beyond human computation.

The Canadian Contingent made an excellent impression. Their uniform easily distinguished them from other contingents, and their whole bearing and conduct caused much favorable comment. The meetings of the Field Commissioner and her forces at Regent's Hall and Exeter Hall beggar description.

## THE ALBERT HALL RECEPTION.

Outside the magnificent Royal Albert Hall, thousands of enthusiastic soldiers crowding each doorway, and every moment others arriving. Inside, groups of delegates in coats of many colors gathering under the mighty dome.

Bands settling in selected seats, the platform filled with songsters. And everywhere hurrying Staff Officers under orders.

A myriad lights sparkle. Away above our heads the roof glitters with electric stars. Balcony and boxes, tier on tier, towering to the topmost gallery, take shape, and lights sparkle back again.

Scarlet and brown, silver and grey, red and white, a rainbow slashed with strong blues and terra-cotta. Soldiers garbed in every hue and shade. Long, dazzling rows of color

—a gorgeous spectacle upon which the eye feasts, the outer edge of the great arena bordered with Salvationists in Indian chuddahs, green and gold.

On the front row of the platform sit the International Commissioners and their wives, with the British Provincial Commanders, and the band and songsters under the direction of Commissioner Carleton.

For hours, westward-bound train and bus have carried warm-hearted comrades of every color under the sun toward the Temple of Salvation, while cabs and carriages, with distinguished occupants, have been rolling to the doors. Two boxes from where I sit a Japanese gentleman peers through gold-rimmed opera glasses. Next, the Mayor of a London borough, with the Lady Mayoress, wearing his chain of office, and studying his program. There, some of London's leading citizens, and ladies in softest silk, aglitter with jewels.

The eyes tire. It is a relief to turn toward the immense platform erected in front of the orchestra, on which some several hundred bandmen and songsters, backed by the great organ, are massed, the whole presenting a glowing picture of life and glory.

Immediately in front of these and before the audience, is the open stage, over which contingents of representatives from other lands are to cross and be received by the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Booth before they take their allotted places in the arena.

A song by the entire assembly opens the demonstration. Lined out in strong, clear tones, the huge congregation joins, as one voice in a call for service.

Silver-throated instruments and sweet Salvation singers combine to lift the simple soul-stirring melody until it floods the whole building with harmony.

Commissioner Coombs and the Chief of the Staff pray.

As the final sentences of the Chief's prayer die away, two brass-tipped flag-staffs appear at the platform entrance. The International Staff Band, perched near the great organ, plays a sprightly tune, and Commissioner Estill and his Hollanders, in quaint caps and curious costumes, with the Dutch Band and Hollandia Singing Brigade, trip across the stage.

The human kaleidoscope has begun to turn.

France, Italy, and Belgium, led by Commissioner Cosandey and his Franco-Belgian Brass Band, with tri-colored cockades, and a vivacious party of French maids in national dress, walk quickly to their places.

Denmark in whites and reds, the Guitar Band in sailor costume, with Colonel Richards leading, follow the tri-color.

A burst of cheering and an avalanche of hand-clapping long sustained.

The Stars and Stripes mount the stairway, and "the greatest Contingent of the Congress, numbering nearly 400, embracing every State in the Union—the largest company of religious crusaders that has ever crossed the ocean, and don't you forget it—passes in review." Commander Booth-Tucker, looking bright and hopeful, leads.

The National Headquarters Band, in Cowboy costume, plays characteristic rag-time music. Social Brigades, Rescue Brigades, Slum Brigades, Junior Brigades pass. The Kentucky Mountaineer Brigade in khaki con-

trast with the Yankee Colored Choir in Stars and Stripes from head to heel. Capt. and Mrs. Billy Smith, ex-pugilist, and Joe the Turk, give variety to the group, while an American Chinaman, with a dragon banner, makes it cosmopolitan. The Chief seizes the Turk and skips a few steps with him.

And "Old Glory" fluttering from every shoulder-strap.

Commissioner Kilbey marches with his South Africans, a small but picturesque group of Outriders and Boer women in big white sun-bonnets and aprons, and the Kimberley siege Salvationist, to remind us of another kind of war. Commissioner McAlonan has his Swedish Staff and String Bands and Singers, brightened with striped national costumes, who move quickly after the Africanders.

The space in the arena is filling.

There is a slight lull. The Staff Band strikes a brisk note. Canada comes.

A trailing, tri-colored flag, with blazoned fiery star, crossed with the flag of the Dominion. Big, broad-chested Canucks, who have snuffed sea air "from the Atlantic to the Pacific," who have survived the Chilcot Pass, crossed the Rockies, and preached in the wigwags of the North American Indians, step out smartly, led by the Field Commissioner radiant in crimson. The Chief leads the Commissioner to the front to be greeted by her old London troops.

Men and women wear red, and each carry a miniature tri-colored flag. The Toronto Staff Band plays. Thorkildson and his Alaskan Indians create a sensation, and the twinkling little brown legs of the Bermuda piccaninnies, as they trot across, cause a diversion and a burst of merry laughter. The Chief stoops to kiss one of the children.

The Bermuda Band and the Newfoundlanders in naval costume complete the party.

After Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia. Commissioner McKie and a Contingent forty strong, in a smart brown uniform. The Male Quartet, New Zealanders, the converted footballer, and the Jack Stoker of the land "down under." Men and women taller than their Canadian comrades, bronzed of face and light of foot.

From Australia, we swing back to Europe. French and German-Switzerland pass, with Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Hellberg at the head of a fine party, including the Swiss men singers, distinguished by the white cross on red and Alpine hats.

A bright little Contingent of Finns, under Colonel Ogrim's direction, is loudly cheered, and fervent "Amens" follow the Chief's interjection, "God bless that dear little country!"

The Germans, who come next, have an unmistakable martial bearing. White hats, and white and red laced cordings on the left sleeve mark them out as Commissioner Oliphant's charge. The Teutonic Music Corps, the German String Band and Singers—a splendid company.

The Mulheim Drunkards' Brigade, with their famous net, are greeted with loud applause.

Lieut.-Colonel Rauch and his small, but enthusiastic, West Indians parade quickly.

The flag of the Bullard and his who, with many ward, and amid to their places in

The Norwegian Staff Band and Ridsdel at their terest, which is h of Brigadier Ma ican Gauchos, bo

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The flag of the Rising Sun heralds Colonel Bullard and his interesting Japanese Party, who, with many bowings, backward and forward, and amid vociferous cheering, march to their places in the now crowded arena.

The Norwegians, with their Headquarters Staff Band and Men's Choir, Commissioner Ridsdel at their head, create considerable interest, which is heightened by the appearance of Brigadier Maidment and his South American Gauchos, booted and spurred.

The procession, without the slightest hitch or confusion, moves across the platform with military precision. From left to right and right to left alternately, the International Staff Band playing suitable music, they march in endless variety of color and form. The East and West are joined together, sons and daughters of the Blood, hand in hand and heart in heart for a common object—the conquest of the world for Christ.

The final Contingent appears at the doorway. The band strikes up an Indian melody. The majestic form of Commissioner Ilgius-Sahib, in crimson coat and cream-colored turban, mounts the platform. Tom-toms beat, cymbals clash, ex-priests, and ex-devil-dancers, Punjabies, Tamils, Cingalese, to a wild burst of cheering—for India, dear India, is after all our first mission love—march and counter-march, bow and salaam, and move down the gangway to their places in the now overflowing arena.

The picture is almost complete. To the right of the rostrum sit the Japanese. At the feet of the Commissioners, from end to end of the great platform, the Indians take up position on the floor. Every eye is turned toward the red and white awning, through which the central figure of this mighty spectacle of a gathering of nations under one flag, is to emerge. It is a moment of intense and electric interest. A mighty shout rends the heavens. The audience rises amidst a roar of deafening cheers, the waving of flags, and the blast of many instruments; there is a catch in the throat, and the heart is stirred with emotion. The General has come!

—F. J. M.

## THE GENERAL.

The vast audience, guided by the program, turned their eyes toward the steps leading to the platform on the east side. The central figure in this drama of striking salvation personalities, drawn from the four quarters of the world, was standing alone—an item in the program invisible to all but a few—invested with pathos and suggestiveness. Alone! Had he not stood alone on that East-End moral and social wilderness, thirty-nine years ago, the General's eyes would not have feasted to-night on a vision which perhaps, after all, only angels can adequately appreciate.

### A Touching Monument.

The Chief stepped forward. The noble head of the General appeared. In an instant father met son, the General was surrounded by his leaders, the floor of the hall rose in a maze of color, the big banners swayed, hundreds of streamers and flags fluttered, the thousands leap to their feet, and simultaneously, with an outburst of enthusiasm and blast upon blast of music, the General again turned and acknowledged this rapturous greeting of loyalty and affection. He first bowed to the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Booth, then to the Headquarters Staff, to the enraptured Foreign Delegates, and finally in the direction of the mighty ranges of faces in boxes and galleries.

We have heard shouts before; but none like unto these. We have seen multitudes moved by strong currents of fine emotions; but the faces of the Americans on the left and the Canadians on the right; the Germans in the front, and the Colonials and Continentals in the centre and rear, wore expressions revealing the existence of a tremendous force in the religious life of the Army—the magnetic charm of pure, spiritual, sanctified affection—man for man, people for leader, and soldiers for General.

### Perfect Singing.

The Chief guided the General to a plain temporary rostrum, covered with dark green cloth. When the General and Chief stood up within the small compass of this erection the concourse again lifted their voices. The General, viewing the scene now from a higher vantage, was evidently deeply touched, and when he sat down he leant his head on his hand and looked a picture of splendid simplicity and self-control.

The singing of—

"O Thou God of every nation,  
We now for Thy blessing call."

will never, never be forgotten.

If there was one present who imagined that this lavish homage to the human agent of heaven-born peace to the sad hearts, was something in the nature of a fetish, then he must have been quickly deceived by the sound of this song. Many were in tears as they sang it. The writer observed strong men weep. Away above all thought of self they were singing in the Spirit. They were singing with the understanding, and with a melody which only emotions played upon by exalted thought and the sound of a divine calling can stir.

### The Divine Authority.

Then came the reading, in a resonant voice, by the Chief, of selected passages of Scripture. A minute before, we were in a tornado of praise. Now the voice of one man spoke words of authority—"Serve the Lord with gladness; come before His presence with singing."

The Congress Brigade of Songsters, under

the direction of Commissioner Carleton, sang "All hail the power of Jesus' name!" A moment's half-detachment from the service of the song was pardonable. For it was the Brigade's first effort, and they must be pronounced a well-trained auxiliary to the greater objects of the Congress.

### A Message Ceremony.

An interesting ceremony was then initiated by the Chief of the Staff, who explained that the leaders of the delegates who had as already prescribed, passed in procession, would present brief messages to the General.

The announcement intensified the interest of the gathering, if that were really possible. The function transpired to be quite an innovation. The audience expected something novel, and they were not disappointed.

The General having descended from the rostrum, stood a few yards from the edge of the platform. At a word of direction, the leaders, beginning with Commissioner Coombs, in company with their wives and Chief Secretaries, vacated their places on the platform for a few minutes, walked to the General, rendered him a salute, and then handed him a Message of Greeting.

This precious document was, in turn, given to Lieut.-Colonel Mapp, who, while the leaders took up positions to the right or left of the General, read it to the audience in a voice of truly marvelous compass.

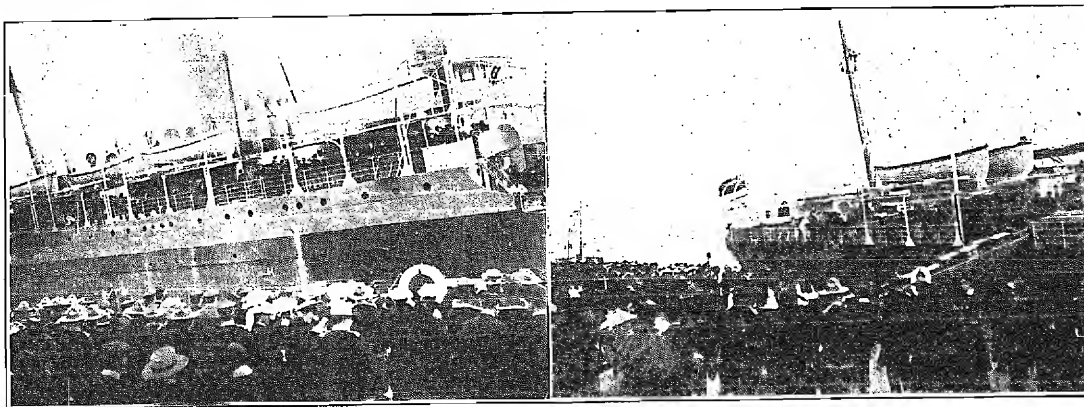
So much, then, for the barest description of the form of the ceremony. The spirit is life. Each message differed from the rest, but in effect they were all couched in terms of love, loyalty, and devotion to the General: recognition of the principles that govern his life; and pledges of unalterable adherence to the eternal facts symbolized in the one Flag—the Flag of Blood-and-Fire.

### The Principal Figure.

It was now approaching nine o'clock. For the Royal Albert Hall the atmosphere was a trifle close, so the illuminations in the ceiling were reduced. Commissioner Pollard asked for the offering, the bands played, "Steadily marching on," and then there was a movement in the green rostrum. Like a flash of lightning the Canadian red flaglets were up-lifted, and, as though the vast drum-shaped building had in the interval been re-charged with electric power, there was a dislodgement of enthusiasm. "The Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army," as King Edward designated our General in the Royal "Court Circular," was upon his feet. And so were the thousands. Again and again those thousands waved and shouted—this time boxes yying with orchestra in displaying their affectionate regard for the man who, we must confess, seemed more intent upon the why and wherefore of the great event than upon its splendid and resplendent surroundings.

Every such a General, he is conspicuously so to-night. The mind is the man. He re-

(Continued on page 12.)



Arrival of the "Lake Champlain" at Liverpool. The "Isolan" Salvatooke on the Wharf  
Welcoming Their Comrades.

"Lake Champlain" at Liverpool. Unloading of Trucks.

## Eastern Starlights.

While the P. O. and Chancellor are away, the business of the Province has devolved upon the shoulders of the Financial Secretary, Staff-Capt. Turpin, who has shouldered the responsibility in an heroic fashion.

A double portion of the office work has fallen to the Staff-Captain, who has been ably assisted by Capt. Riley.

Mrs. Major Phillips, in the absence of the I.C.C. party, is in charge of St. John III. corps. Some good cases of conversion have been reported. The united meetings around the city are looked forward to each week with marked interest. Some splendid gatherings have of late been held.

The Red Crusaders, under Ensign Andrews, are having good times in Bermuda.

We regret to learn that Ensign McEachren's health is in a very unsatisfactory state. She ought to have a complete rest.

The labor strike in Cape Breton is sadly affecting our work at Whitney. We are doing our best to meet the strained condition of things.

Cape Breton has had one or two more small-pox scares.

The Bermuda Band and the colored children have met with unqualified success at the International Congress. Those who were responsible for the visit of our comrades to London have been justly complimented by those in authority. This party has demonstrated, as nothing else could have done, the wide scope of the Army's operations in this Territory.

The band is better than ever, and the children's drills capture everything in sight. It has been decided, in order to give the public in the Provinces a chance to hear and see these celebrities, for them to do a six-weeks' tour before they embark at Halifax for Bermuda.

The following are the dates and places which the band will take in.

The band will have arrived at Rimouski and visited the following corps before this issue is in print: Newcastle, Chatham, Moncton, Summerside, and Charlottetown.

The balance of the trip will embrace the following towns:

### BERMUDA BAND TOUR.

Westville, Sat. and Sun., July 23, 24; Stellarton, Mon., July 25; New Glasgow, Tues., July 26; Fort Hood, Wed., July 27; Inverness, Thurs. and Fri., July 28, 29; North Sydney, Sat. and Sun., July 30, 31; Sydney Mines, Tues., Aug. 1; Sydney, Tues., Aug. 2; Dominion, Wed., Aug. 3; Louisbourg, Thurs., Aug. 4; New Aberdeen, Fri., Aug. 5; Glace Bay, Sat. and Sun., Aug. 6, 7; Reserve, Mon., Aug. 8; Whitney, Tues., Aug. 9; Truro, Wed., Aug. 10; Londonderry, Thurs., Aug. 11; Sackville, Fri., Aug. 12; Amherst, Sat. and Sun., Aug. 13, 14; Springhill, Mon., Aug. 15; Parrsboro, Tues., Aug. 16; Canning, Wed., Aug. 17; Kentville, Thurs., Aug. 18; Windsor, Fri., Aug. 19.

The children have also visited Campbellton, Newcastle, Chatham, Fredericton, and Woodstock. Their trip will take in the following places:

### BERMUDA CHILDREN'S TOUR.

Fort Fairfield, Sat. and Sun., July 23, 24; Houlton, Mon. and Tues., July 25, 26; St. Stephen, Wed., July 27; Calais, Thurs., July 28; Eastport, Fri., July 29; Carleton, Sat., July 30; St. John I., Sun., July 31; St. John III., Mon., Aug. 1; St. John V., Wed., Aug. 3; Bridgetown, Thurs., Aug. 4; St. John, Fri., Aug. 5; Yarmouth, Sat. and Sun., Aug. 6, 7; Clark's Harbor, Mon., Aug. 8; Yarmouth, Tues., Aug. 9; Digby, Wed., Aug. 10; Bear River, Thurs., Aug. 11; Canning, Fri., Aug. 12; Kentville, Sat. and Sun., Aug. 13, 14; Windsor, Mon., Aug. 15; Truro, Tues., Aug. 16; Londonderry, Wed., Aug. 17; Dartmouth, Thurs., Aug. 18; Halifax II, Fri., Aug. 19; Halifax I, Sat., Aug. 21.

Both the band and the children give a program that everywhere has elicited the highest praise and commendation. The combined troupes meet at Halifax at the end of the tour for a week-end, sailing for the Land of the Lilies on August 22nd.

## I WAS A STRANGER AND THEY TOOK ME IN.

Jay Aye Aitch Tells of His First Holiday Experience in Canada.

I was to all intents and purposes a stranger in Toronto. It was my first Dominion Day in Canada, and I had anticipated spending a miserable day in sublime loneliness—alone in a crowd. I was informed that a party of Temple Salvationists had arranged for a picnic at Long Branch, and I was my way thither, accompanied by a shower of rain, which seemed but a precursor of more and heavier downpours. Arrived on the grounds the party took advantage of the first burst of sunshine to become absorbed in various outdoor games, in which I was invited to take part. Dinner time having arrived, I was regaled with a splendid meal. After dinner games were out short by more rain, this unfortunate happening being turned to good account by the comrades, who quickly got a red-hot testimony meeting in full swing, with quite a respectable audience, among whom were a party of Japs. Several solos were given and much appreciated. As one comrade said in his testimony, "Salvationists can always be happy, no matter in what circumstances." We spent quite a pleasant time, and despite my gloomy forebodings I thoroughly enjoyed myself, thanks to the "bon camaraderie" which exists among Salvationists the world over, be they Canadian, English, Welsh, Irish, or Scotch—as were these—or otherwise.

On Saturday I was invited to form one of a party, part of the previous day's picnicers, to the Island, and again a most enjoyable time was spent. I was indeed a stranger, and they took me in and made me thoroughly at home. This is as it should be, if our profession of all being brothers under the banner of the cross counts for anything. God bless the Temple folks, and prosper their efforts toward the extension of His Kingdom. Jay Aye Aitch.

### BROCKVILLE WEDDING PARTY.

Sergt.-Major Barton, of Brockville, decided to take unto himself a wife, and we are pleased to reproduce a photo of himself and his better half. With them are Corps-Capt. Barton and Capt. Duncan.



The Sergeant-Major and his good lady are good, godly Salvationists, a help and blessing to their corps, and never desert their post.

### ADJT. SIMS AT LIPPINCOTT.

Favored by lovely weather, Sunday's meetings at Lippincott St. were a success, and Adj. and Mrs. Sims, who were spectators for the day, went home at night very tired but happy. In the morning's holiness meeting the Adjutant took for his subject, "Where art thou?" basing his remarks on the incident in the Garden of Eden relative to the fall. At the close of this meeting one comrade sought sanctification, and one seeking sinners found a waiting Saviour, and threw away pipe and tobacco, renouncing same for all time. In the afternoon an open-air service was held in the University Park. A large crowd collected, into whom we drilled the same old story in song and testimony, sandwiched between selections by the band. That this meeting was interesting was shown by the fact that for three hours we held the entire attention of such a large audience. The soldiers here are developing into first-rate soloists and speakers. In the evening two open-air services were held—one at the circus ground, by the band, being attended by a huge throng of people of various colors, ages, and sizes. Sin in all its ugliness was attacked with an energy that had its effect. The evidence of emotion on the faces of some of the listeners is to be accepted as a proof of that fact. The circus hands, who rarely hear the message of salvation, listened with marked attention to the story of dying love. We left them to the "watering of the Spirit" on the seed sown, and trust to see the increase in "His own good time." We picked up the soldiers at their open-air on our way to the hall, where we had a soul-searching time, the Holy Spirit seeming to permeate the whole building. Still no one surrendered, and we have to trust the future to Him who "doeth all things well." Mrs. Sims.

## CAPTAIN ROBERT DUNLOP.

The features of the one depicted have been made familiar of late to many attendants at the Temple meetings.



In Capt. Robert Dunlop one ever found a pleasing personality, and his absence to the Klondike will not be regretted when one remembers the influence for good that he left behind as a lingering reminder that he once sojourned in our midst.

singing and guitar playing were much enjoyed. The improvement in the ventilation of the barracks by the removal of a partition, has supplied a long-felt want, and was favorably commented on—Jay Aye Aitch.

### PROMOTED TO GLORY.

Ward's Harbor, Nfld.—Death has visited the Ward's Harbor corps and has taken to her reward Mrs. Catherine Hender, who for a number of years has been a faithful sister of this corps. On Sunday afternoon, May 22nd, she was on the platform, and testified to the saving and keeping power of God. But little did we think that so soon as Monday, 3.30 p.m., that dreadful stroke of paralysis was going to take hold upon her and claim her as another victim of that dread disease. I was at the home when this happened, and at my inquiry as to her hope of heaven, she answered, "It's all right, Captain; Jesus is precious to me now." At 3 a.m., Wednesday, she had another stroke, which killed her so that she could not speak again, but just before the last she was seen to wave her right hand, and say, "Precious Jesus." These were her last words. She lingered till 10 a.m., Thursday, and then passed peacefully away. She will be missed, for truly it can be said of her she was a mother to the officers and thought nothing too hard to do for their comfort and happiness, and also a great help in the corps. She leaves behind a husband and three sons to mourn the loss of a loving wife and tender mother. May the God of all comfort sustain and help the bereaved ones.—J. Higdon, Capt.

### FROM THE ARMY PLATFORM TO GLORY.

St. John V.—Little did we think when our comrade, Sergt. Mrs. Turner, came to the meeting on Sunday evening, feeling so bright and cheerful, that the summons was so near. When going on the march our comrade stepped up and took the collection plate, willing to do anything for her Master. When we started our meeting our comrade took her place on the platform. The meeting went with a swing. God's Spirit was felt in a wonderful way. The testimony meeting had almost expired when Mrs. Turner stood to her feet right behind my back and gave her testimony to God's saving and keeping power. Never shall I forget that testimony—such earnestness! She spoke of how God had wonderfully kept her through all the hardships, and that if God should call her that she was ready. She has just taken her rest when she fell at my feet. We lifted her from the platform to the hall outside, with a hope of recovery. Medical aid was called, but it was no use. Death had come. God declared it enough, and she was called higher. The funeral on Wednesday afternoon was conducted by Adj. Wiggins, assisted by the clergy officers.

### ASLEEP.

Calais, Me.—Again the death angel has hovered over us, and has summoned Mrs. Hobbs, the aged mother of our War Cry Sergeant, Mrs. Chambers, to her rest. Mrs. Hobbs lived to reach the age of 88. For a long time she had been ill, and longed for rest. She quietly fell asleep on Tuesday. Her end was truly peace. The service was conducted by Capt. W. Hamilton. He impressed all with the need of salvation in this life, and when the evening of life was ebbing away there would be light.

Dearest mother, thou hast left us,  
And our loss we deeply feel,  
But 'tis God who hast bereft us,  
He can all our sorrow heal.  
Yet again we hope to meet thee,  
When the day of life is fled,  
And in heaven with joy to greet thee,  
Where no farewell tears are shed.

—Frederic Smith.

### Capt. Porter Farewells.

Yorkville.—The farewell service of Capt. S. Porter was conducted in Yorkville barracks. Great interest was manifested in the meeting, the hall was filled with people eager to see and hear the last of the Captain. Representative speakers were called upon to speak on behalf of the Corps, and each spoke of her sterling qualities and expressed their great sorrow at her departure. Captain Porter has only been stationed at Yorkville about six weeks, and during that time God has made her a power for good. She spoke of how by all who had the pleasure of knowing her, because she was truly a child of God. The Captain is not only a talented speaker, but is also a very pretty singer. Her solos about the Chapel of Calvary and His never-changing love brought conviction to many a poor heart, and many sought God's favor. Her farewell address was delivered in her usual pleasing and impressive manner. She spoke of great determination to be accepted as a soul-winner. She had taken up her cross over thirteen years ago and never intended to lay it down. In God's service she found true pleasure. Capt. Porter has the good wishes of the Yorkville Corps, and all wish her God-speed. God bless her.—S. Simpson.

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North S land, Mrs.



# FROM THE FIGHTING LINE.

## The Life Boat Brigade.

Billings, Mont.—Our friend William said there would be "a hot time" in the old town when our worthy D. O., with his Life Boat Brigade, arrived, and undoubtedly there was. When the brigade appeared on the street, in their sailor costumes, people came rushing from all directions to see what had come to town, and found out it was a number of blood-and-fire Salvationists who had come for a soul-saving campaign. The action songs by little Arthur and Pearl Price were much enjoyed by all, also the singing and speaking of the balance of the brigade. Adjt. Dowell (the captain of the life boat) fired some very heavy shots, which we believe went home to the hearts of many. Our prayer is that God will abundantly bless the brigade in their chosen labor of love for God and souls.—J. L. Moore, Capt.

## "Our Flag—What it is, and Where it Flies."

Rockville.—On Monday, June 27th, we were favored with a visit from Capt. and Mrs. Aylesworth and family, who called here on their way to Sherbrook. The Captain gave us a very interesting lecture, entitled "Our flag—what it is, and where it flies," which was listened to very attentively by a fair crowd. The Captain was dressed in Indian costume, and attracted quite a crowd by going out on the march preceded by the meeting dressed in such a picturesque garb. At the close of the lecture ice cream and cake were served, which were heartily partaken of by the assembled congregation. The meeting was enjoyed very much by all present and was a success in every respect. We pray that God may abundantly bless the Captain in his labors amongst the people of Sherbrook, and we hope we may be favored with a visit from him again in the near future.—Job and Jabez.

Burk's Falls.—We have just been favored with a visiting visit from Staff-Capt. McAmmond, and altogether, we had a most wonderful time. Four recruits were enrolled under the blood-and-fire flag, and one dear soul surrendered his life to the claims of his Saviour. Sergt.-at-Large McHenry, of Sandridge, with some of his braves, joined us in the inside meeting. God bless the Sergt.-Major. He is having a wonderful time there. Capt. Lamb visits him once a week. Souls are being saved and made into real salvation soldiers. God bless Sandridge.—E. M.

## Determined to Win.

Hillsboro.—We are in for victory, and victory we shall have by the help and grace of God. One backslider has come back to the fold. Others are under conviction. "Victory" is our motto.—Lieut. E. White.

## A Game of Chance.

Londonderry.—Praise God for five souls as a glorious finish to our special service of song, entitled, "A Game of Chance." This service took well last Thursday. The soldiers took their parts splendidly, and are to be commended for the whole-hearted way that they take hold in the meetings. As a result of this special meeting five precious souls came forward. Two of them were backsliders, but all proved that our God is a God of love. Many who came to our meetings are under conviction. We are believing are long to see many of them coming, too.—Yours to conquer or die, J. Lilly Richards, Ensign.

## Keep Believing.

Meaford.—Since coming here we are endeavoring to do our best to push on the war, and God has blessed us. Although we have not many soldiers, we have a number of kind friends. Last Saturday night we had a large crowd and great interest. We were assisted by two brothers from the Southern States. The people listened with great interest. Indoor meeting very much enjoyed. Although no visible results, yet I believe that the Spirit convicted many.—George St.

## Captive Souls Find Liberty.

Montreal IV.—The officers and soldiers of Montreal IV. corps are determined by God's Omnipotent power to be successful soldiers. During the last few days four souls have had the blood of Jesus applied to their hearts and been converted and set at liberty. Praise God! New faces can be seen in nearly every meeting. The open-air gatherings are arousing much interest, these being new in the east end of Montreal. Officers and soldiers full of faith for soul-saving this summer. Montreal I. brass band rendered excellent music a few nights ago, and drew large crowds to the meetings. We give the boys a hearty invitation to return again soon.—Silvis.

## Ice Cream Social.

Misoula, Mont.—In accordance with previous announcements, last Thursday night we held our ice cream and musical social. Preparatory to going out in the open-air the lassies put on white waists and aprons, and after a red-hot prayer meeting we marched out ten strong, led by Ensign Scott and assisted by Capt. Lewis. The lassies' white aprons and the music attracted quite a crowd in our open-air, all listening attentively to a number of hot shots that were fired into the enemy's ranks. We do hope and believe they found a lodging-place in the hearts of some of the unsaved, and in due time will bear fruit to the honor and glory of God. When we returned to the hall we found a large crowd awaiting us. After listening to some very fine music rendered by our home talent, the lassies dished up the ice cream and cake. It was enjoyed by all. Taking the evening entertainment all through it proved to be a success and was highly appreciated by all present, and we are patiently waiting for another entertainment of the same kind. The net proceeds of the evening were \$20.—J. H. F., R.C.C.

## Four Souls Forsake Sin.

North Sydney.—Since Adjt. Cooper left for England, Mrs. Cooper and the Captain are bombarding

the town of North Sydney in downright salvation style. May the dear Lord bless the labors of our leaders. During the past week four precious souls have forsaken sin and promised to be faithful to Him who has forgiven their past transgressions.—Treas.

## Welcome!

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.—On June 17th we welcomed our new officer, Lieut. Davis. We believe she is the right person in the right place. Sunday's meetings were times of great blessing. We had thirty-four on the march, and ended the day with three precious souls kneeling at the feet of Jesus. To God be all the glory.—Doll.

Strathroy.—The Lord is with us. Hallelujah! He pardoned one backslider, who came on the platform Sunday afternoon and testified to the fact. In the evening Captain read the Articles of War, and three brothers enlisted to fight against sin. We are also receiving some loyal soldiers from England, who are leaving their friends behind and coming to assist where soldiers are few. May God bless and prosper them.—A. Haldane.

Sussex.—Since last writing one precious soul has been added to the S. A., and to the army of the living God. Last Saturday evening Capt. Woodhouse and Lieut. Robinson entertained the juniors to ice cream and cake. Capt. Woodhouse is bringing his military experience into use by instructing the juniors in dumb-bell and other drills, which develop the body as well as the soul. He also instructs them in the service of not only the King of the country, but also the King of kings. On Wednesday night Capt. Woodhouse lectured on his three years experience in South Africa, entitled "Under Two Flags." The militia being here on drill, about 200 volunteers were present. The War Cry correspondent, F. W. Wallace, introduced the speaker in a short and appropriate speech. The host of order prevailed throughout. Capt. Woodhouse holding his audience spellbound, and at the close was loudly applauded. The chairman thanked those present for their kind attention, after which the ice cream social was held. The financial part was also a success. So well was the lecture received that by request it

is to be repeated next Saturday and Wednesday evenings.—F. W. Wallace.

## Dedicated to God.

Truro.—God is making bare His arm in the salvation of souls, and in spite of hot weather and outside attractions the meetings are well attended. The open-air meetings are greatly appreciated by all classes, who show their sympathy in a very practical way. On Sunday afternoon Brother and Sister Hastings' little boy was dedicated to God and the Salvation Army. One backslider returned to the fold, and at night six precious souls cried to God for mercy, making twenty-three in three weeks. The people are very kind, and take a deep interest in our work.—God bless Truro.—Rex.

## A Hallelujah Wind-Up.

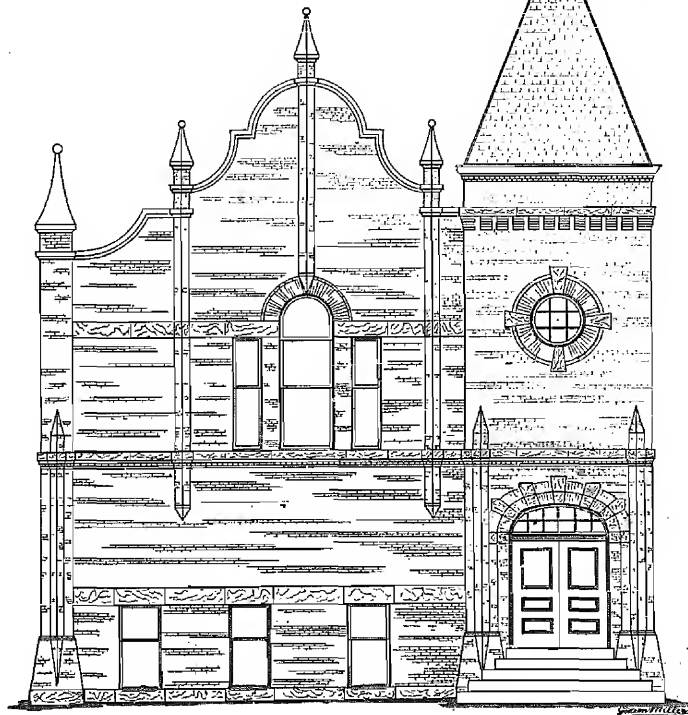
West Selkirk, N.W.T.—God has been blessing our efforts since we took charge here, in that souls are being saved, and some have promised to become soldiers. Adjt. Taylor, Ensign Kaine, Capt. Bristow, Sergts. Wilson and Richardson, of Winnipeg, were with us for the week-end, and we had the joy of seeing one soul at the mercy seat Saturday night. In the holiness meeting Sunday one dear soul returned to God. At night nine souls knelt at the mercy seat, claiming the victory through Christ. We all had a good time with the Lord, closing the meeting with a hallelujah wind-up.—Alex. Hall, Lieut.

If, when washing woollen goods, they are soaked for two hours beforehand in cold water, it will prevent them shrinking.

## THE NEW CITADEL NOW IN ERECTION.

The Site of This Building is on Slater Street, near Bank, a Central Locality.

The new building will be a splendid structure. In order to obtain an imposing appearance the quarters have been done away with. The Ottawa comrades will be glad to have once again a place they can call their own.



OTTAWA SALVATION ARMY CITADEL

## THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS.

(Continued from page 9.)

veals his. The heart contains the secrets of life. The General's is open to all. We print the chapters of life's volume in deeds; on that principle, then, many volumes have come out of the labors of our beloved General? To some extent the answer is before him.

### Ministers of Fire.

Like the rush of waters, thoughts flood the mind, and we go back once more to the day of small things and compare it with this; to mob law and contrast it with the Royal favor; to the united, tireless zeal of William Booth

and the Army Mother, and contrast them with these ministers—of flames of fire—in this temple to-night.

But a truce to reflection. The silence that follows the General's opening sentence is more eloquent than was the demonstration of a minute ago. We listen to the voice—how strong; we see the mighty sea of faces with the marks of a new-born desire to hear all that our leader has to say; and, opening our own hearts to receive the impressions of the Spirit, we put down our pen and revel in the beauty and simplicity, fervor and strength of the inaugural address of the General to the Foreign Delegates of the International Congress.

At the General's request, the vast assembly rose, while the white-haired leader of the Lord's hosts implored the divine blessing upon the Congress and every comrade who should attend it.—A. M. N.

## THE GENERAL'S ADDRESS.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Comrades and Friends," he said, "how can I sufficiently express the feelings that fill my heart? For when I look upon your faces, when I hear your songs, when I listen to the expressions of devotion and loyalty to the great principles for which I have been fighting all these years gone by, when I realize the marvelous position which this movement has attained as indicated so expressively by this great and gorgeous meeting to-night, I am lost for want of language and ideas. (Encouraging applause.)

"It seems to me that if a stranger to the Salvation Army were to enter this building to-night, and be suddenly confronted with this enthusiasm which is so manifest, as he looked upon this sea of shining faces, and listened to these rapturous songs, he would instinctively be led to observe, 'What a wonderful meeting this is!' and to enquire, 'Whatever can it mean?' For, accustomed as I am now, in my wanderings up and down the world, to welcomes and greetings of the most jubilant and gladsome character, this meeting in which we have the privilege to take part to-night appears to surpass them all. (Volleys.)

"If I were asked to describe the reason for this enthusiasm, and what it is that makes this unanimous joy, I think I should say there are several reasons. They are not far to seek, and they will not take me long to mention.

"Among other things, there is the cosmopolitan and varied character of the individuals that compose the meeting. They have come, as you have heard, from all parts of the world. This may be looked upon as the inauguration of one of the greatest religious assemblies that the world has ever known—indeed, I am not quite sure anything of an exactly similar character has ever taken place in the history of Christianity. (Applause.)

### India's Teeming Millions.

"Something like six thousand individuals, from every quarter of the globe, will assemble to pray, and consider, and ponder how better they can carry on the mighty work to which their hands have been set. We have here to-night comrades representing the teeming millions of the Indian Empire. In the Albert Hall to-night we greet with deepest interest saved Hindoos, Buddhists, and Mohammedans, and some comrades, who, rescued in the days of deadly famine, have been brought up in the faith of the Salvation Army, and are now officers fighting under the Yellow, Red, and Blue. (Enthusiastic volleys.)

### A Name on Every Lip.

"Then we have our friends from that country whose name, at the present moment, is on almost every lip. I allude to Japan. (Applause.) Are they not interesting, not merely on account of the conflict in which they are engaged—concerning which I express no opinion whatever, and do not wish to be supposed to entertain any partiality—but interesting to me because, if I mistake not, they are the pioneers of a missionary

revolution that shall be the wonderment of the future and surpass anything that has taken place in the history of Christianity in days gone by. (Ringing volleys.)

"Then there are the comrades representing another country, whose name only the other day was almost equally familiar to the nations of the earth. I allude to South Africa. I am glad to meet them! I could almost have hoped that they had brought with them a substantial amount of that gold and a number of those diamonds for which their country is celebrated. But I suppose they will tell me that they are the diamonds. (Volleys.) Very well, so let it be. (Laughter.)

### Africa's Invitation.

"I regret that the authorities did not see their way clear to allow the exportation, for a season, of representatives of the native races, whom we should have been happy to meet once more—our Zulu, Hottentot, and Kaffir friends. However, as they cannot come to see me, they have given me an invitation to go and see them! (Ecstatic cheering from the South African Continent.)

"Then there is our old, long-tried comrade leading forward the Contingent from Australasia, and that interesting country of New Zealand.

"We have here also comrades representing the West Indian Colonies and South America, and we have my daughter leading forward the troops of the Canadian Dominion (Red-hot volleys.)

"Here, likewise, is the Commander, with whose recent loss I am sure we are all in sympathy, who brings us the most powerful force that ever left the American shores on any religious enterprise. (Great applause.)

### Kiel and the Germans.

"Then come the comrades led by my daughter and her husband, the German and French-Swiss; comrades from Holland; comrades from beautiful France; comrades from sunny Italy and hazy Belgium, and comrades from Germany. His Majesty the King of England has gone to see the Germans at Kiel, and the Germans have come to see the General. (Much applause.)

"And now we come to nearer neighbors still—the canny Scotch from the big cities of commerce and learning, across the borders, the fisher folk from the northern coasts, and the crofters of the Shetlands.

"And when you have added comrades from the North and South of Ireland, comrades from the mountains and valleys of Wales, comrades from every corner of dear old England, and the General, who belongs to everybody and everywhere—(tumultuous exultations)—you have, I think, an interesting gathering.

"Consider next the object for which we have assembled. Why this gathering? Why have these comrades come from so far away; why have they risked their lives on the stormy seas; what has brought them together? The purpose of it all greatly adds to the interest of the occasion.

### Sympathy for Things Human.

"They come, among other things, to look into each other's faces. Because the Sun of Righteousness has touched our minds with light, and the finger of Divine Love has stirred the depth of our hearts, it has not, in any shape or form, lessened our sympathy for all that is human. The Salvationist is very human indeed. (Applause.)

"And here, what interests come to the front! Here are parents and children, who have been parted, met again; here comrades converted in the same town, who found mercy at the same penitent form, who fought side by side in the same saloons and streets and market places, who endured all manner of contumely and scorn in their early days, then parted, one going to the south and another to the north, one to the east and another to the west, in order that they might make known that wonderful salvation of God, which has brought such peace and power of joy to their hearts—here once more they look into each other's eyes and grasp each other's hands. (Hallelujahs.)

"Here are spiritual children and parents met again, and comrades who have never had any familiar or intimate acquaintance, perhaps never known more of each other than the information that has been conveyed to them in the press, for the first time become acquainted. You can readily see, therefore, that our meeting to-night is on the same lines as that great assembly will be when we shall meet on the Celestial Shores, and a foretaste of the gathering that will take place before the Throne. (Amens!)

"We meet, shall I add? once more to greet the General—(Volleys)—and the General has come to greet you. You have come to greet him in this Jerusalem to which our hearts cannot help but anxiously turn.

### The General's Crown.

"You perhaps have wondered how you would find the General! Well, you will perceive he is very much the same as he was before. (Affectionate applause.) The General is very much as it was in the beginning, so it is now! (Laughter.) A good many people are looking upon me with a little more respect and curiosity, and a little more interest since I had the privilege of an interview with His Majesty. It seems as though great numbers of people, as I have passed along the streets to-night, were expecting that I should be walking about with a crown on my head! (Laughter and applause.) Indeed, the good man who serves my cottage with that very necessary item in my diet—milk—remarked to my servant that he thought the General had now got as high as it was possible for him to go! (Laughter.) But the General expects to get a great deal higher yet! (Volleys.) He has got his eye not only on going into the presence of the King of kings, but of being a king himself. If he does not walk about London with a crown on his head, he is going to wear a crown of life that will never fade away. (Amens and Hallelujahs.)

"Further, this Congress has been assembled in order to make one great and united thanksgiving that shall be heard throughout the world, that shall echo throughout heaven, and that shall echo throughout hell. We have a great deal to be thankful for. Sometimes I fancy that gratitude has not a strong enough hold on our spirits, and the expression of our thanksgivings does not occupy a sufficient place in our services and public gatherings. It is meet for us to be grateful to Almighty God for the mercy He has shown us. And if it is meet for any class of people to be grateful, surely, surely it is meet for the Salvation Army.

### A Long Time Dying!

"At this, the jumping-off meeting of this great Congress, we have to thank God that we are still in existence. Our decease has been so long and so frequently predicted that it might almost be supposed we had come to relieve ourselves that we are going to pass out of existence. The feeling entertained toward us by some people is very much, I

fancy, like that expressed who once ruled this count on the borders of the river the courtiers standing round was such an unconscious

"The Salvation Army is time in going out of existence think we look more like birds of assent.)

"The Salvation Army cause the foundations on are sure. Storms have winds have howled around have flashed and thunders yet she stands firm to-day.

"Her foundations mighty layers of hallelujahs of noble material. We might mutual interest. We are interlaced and interlocked help one another both for life to come. But there is—the foundation of love man. And lower down foundation of a rational lower down still the rock of the Word of God. We the truth of the Bible are revealed there. And lower to go lower—you will find the unchanging, inexhaustible mercy of the Almighty God, Son, and Holy Ghost. That good. My comrades, let there is no danger there!

### That's Our C

"We meet together, ourselves a great blessing have got souls, and we own up to it. (Applause.) sometimes as though themselves into four distinct relation to this question class deny the possession is separate from that which class are very uncertain again, say, 'Yes, I have afraid it is in a very poor much occupied with my pleasures that I have no of the fourth class say, of God the Father, God the Holy Ghost, we have got conscious not only that we believe that the blood been sprinkled upon our guilt of the past, saving us fear of the left hand at and making us sure that has come to an end we in the skies, and we shall edness for evermore.' T longs to the latter class.

"Nevertheless, much as we enjoy, much as the Al into the possession of deal more! And we need in order that we may fuller manifestation of within our hearts than we brought into the enjoyment

### A Baptism of the l

"We have a great work more power, more light, how best to take hold of ing men and women. W a baptism of the Holy Gh

"We want more power more daring. I want courage for my comrades; the highways of life and p and wonderful salvation. burning love in our bos love which carried our and which made the martyr go torture and death.

"We are met together again to heaven and mak of re-consecration, giving to the service of our Lo best of the magnificent c put into our hands. We beginning of things; just mighty ocean of human r sorrow. We must go for



fancy, like that expressed by one of the kings who once ruled this country. As he lingered on the borders of the river he apologized to the courtiers standing round his bed that he was such an unconscious time in dying!

"The Salvation Army is an unconscious time in going out of existence! Indeed, I think we look more like life than ever. (Thunders of assent.)"

"The Salvation Army is likely to live because the foundations on which she is built are sure. Storms have beaten upon her, winds have howled around her, lightnings have flashed and thunders have crashed, and yet she stands firm to-day. ('Glory!')

"Her foundations might be likened to various layers of hallelujah concrete—indestructible material. We might call the first layer mutual interest. We are mutually interested, interlaced and interlocked; bound together to help one another both for this life and the life to come. But there is a layer lower down—the foundation of love to God and love to man. And lower down still you have the foundation of a rational organization; and lower down still the rocks of eternal truth, of the Word of God. We are founded upon the truth of the Bible and the truth that is revealed there. And lower still—if we want to go lower—you will find the infinite wisdom, the unchanging, inexhaustible power, and the mercy of the Almighty God, the Father, the Son, and Holy Ghost. The foundations are good. My comrades, let us praise God that there is no danger there! (Fervent volleys.)

#### That's Our Class!

"We meet together, also, to secure for ourselves a great blessing to our souls. We have got souls, and we are not ashamed to own up to it. (Applause.) It appears to me sometimes as though men were dividing themselves into four distinct classes in their relation to this question of the soul. One class deny the possession of any spirit that is separate from that which perishes; another class are very uncertain about it; others, again, say, 'Yes, I have got a soul, but I am afraid it is in a very poor way, and I am so much occupied with my business and my pleasures that I have no time to attend to it'; and the fourth class say, 'Yes, to the glory of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, we have got souls; and we are conscious not only that we are immortal, but we believe that the blood of Jesus Christ has been sprinkled upon our hearts, removing all guilt of the past, saving us from all torturing fear of the left hand at the Judgment Bar, and making us sure that when this world has come to an end we have got a mansion in the skies, and we shall have joy and blessedness for evermore.' The Salvationist belongs to the latter class. (Volleys.)

"Nevertheless, much as we have, much as we enjoy, much as the Almighty has brought us into the possession of, we want a great deal more! And we meet at this Congress in order that we may get a greater, richer, fuller manifestation of the power of God within our hearts than we have ever yet been brought into the enjoyment of. (Amen.)

#### A Baptism of the Holy Ghost.

"We have a great work to do, and we want more power, more light, more knowledge as how best to take hold of the hearts of perishing men and women. We are going to have a baptism of the Holy Ghost! (Volleys.)

"We want more power, more courage, and more daring. I want courage for myself and courage for my comrades; courage to go into the highways of life and proclaim this blessed and wonderful salvation. We want more burning love in our bosoms; more of that love which carried our Master to the tree, and which made the martyrs willing to undergo torture and death.

"We are met together to lift our hand again to heaven and make our solemn vows of re-consecration, giving up ourselves afresh to the service of our Lord and making the best of the magnificent opportunity He has put into our hands. We are only just at the beginning of things; just on the fringe of the unmineral ocean of human misery and woe and sorrow. We must go forward, and to go for-

ward we want not only more men and women and money, but more of that passion for the salvation of the people which has had the most to do with the making of the Salvation Army the gigantic affair that it is.

"Let us lift up our hands to heaven tonight; let us pledge ourselves afresh to the service of God. Let nothing take off your attention from the great business you have in hand. Let us devote ourselves to the fulfilment of the vows we made in the days gone by, and be determined to carry on the war to the end." (A chorus of heart-murmured "Amen's" testified how deeply the General's appeal had gone home.)

In a few cordial sentences the General then welcomed the salvation visitors from foreign lands.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Congress is opened.

The Chief of the Staff motions a direction to the General, and, in company with Mrs. Booth and a select number of International representatives, the General leaves the platform and passes through the long blocks of his comrades on the area of the hall, and in two minutes the band strikes up a victorious march. May we always march, and quicker than ever!

#### LIGSAR'S J. S. TREASURER AT REST.

The funeral service of the late J. S. Treasurer of the Ligar St. corps was conducted on Monday by Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin. Mrs. Lillie was beloved by the soldiers and friends and the crowded barracks was a lovely tribute to a faithful soldier who, after twenty-one years' fighting in the Army's ranks, fell at her post on the battlefield. Several officers and soldiers spoke of her Christian life, while the Colonel tenderly committed the bereaved husband, children, and relatives to God.

The procession to Mount Pleasant Cemetery was very impressive, the playing of the band bringing to many hearts solemn memories of the past, as "Abide with me," and "Shall we gather at the river?" were played so sweetly. Our prayers are for the bereaved ones. Full report next week.—Sims.

#### "THE BETTER PART."

The late Rev. Dr. James Pullman, of Lynn, was brother of George M. Pullman, the famous sleeping-car inventor and millionaire. When young in the ministry, he was besieged by his brother to forsake it and enter business and become rich in worldly goods. "This does not appeal to me," was the young preacher's reply, as he asserted the supremacy of the spiritual over the temporal. The time came, years after, when the millionaire visited his brother in Lynn, that the earlier colloquy was recalled. "James, you were right, and I was wrong. You have chosen the better part," was the tribute of the magnate to the prophet.—M. F. E.

### Our Medical Column.

#### FALLING SICKNESS (Epilepsy).

This disease is known as the "falling sickness." It is the oldest known to medicine. It is interesting from its further associations with several names noted in history: Julius Caesar, Mohammed, and Napoleon Bonaparte are all known to have been subject to this disease.

Symptoms.—In the majority of cases a paroxysm occurs without any warning symptom; in others there is a certain amount of premonitions which the patient describes somewhat vaguely, the descriptions varying considerably in different cases. In many there is headache, dizziness, ringing in the ears, irritability of temper, and speaks of floating before the eyes before the attack. These sensations may be felt two or three days before the convulsion occurs. In many there is no warning symptom until a few minutes before the fit begins. In these cases there is a tingling or pain in one of the fingers or toes; sometimes this feeling is first experienced in the pit of the stomach. This feeling seems to race up through the body into the throat, when the patient falls unconscious. In others, the patient describes the feeling as if a ball were rising from the stomach up into the throat.

Yet, in the majority of cases, there is no sensation of this sort; when the patient least expects it, perhaps sitting quietly, or walking along the street, he suddenly utters a loud piercing cry and falls unconscious. This shriek is loud, short, and from its unnatural character and suddenness seems terrific. At the same time the face becomes extremely pale.

As soon as the patient falls the convulsive movements begin. In some cases these movements begin before the body falls to the ground; in these cases violent and aimless jerking movements of the arms are observed, or the head is drawn round towards one of the shoulders.

In the majority of cases the first intimation is the pallor of the face, followed almost instantly by the scream, the fall, and the convulsive movements. The person usually falls forward on the face, often injuring the head and face severely. Indeed one of the greatest dangers attached to epilepsy is the possibility of serious and often fatal injury from the falls, since individuals have been known to have fallen on to heated stoves, into an open fireplace, or to scald themselves fatally with boiling water. The onset of the attack is so sudden and unexpected in most instances that the patient is utterly powerless to prevent injury, if circumstances permit it.

At times the body assumes a condition of extreme rigidity, the muscles of the head, trunk, arms, and legs, seem all strained to the uttermost, the body being bent sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another, but always as stiff as iron. Meanwhile the breathing is arrested, the face becomes swollen and purple; saliva issues from the mouth, often tinged with blood from injuries received by the tongue. It occasionally happens that the tongue is caught between the teeth and deeply lacerated as the jaws close upon it.

### OUR HISTORY CLASS

#### V.—THE ENGLISH.

##### Chapter XI.—(Continued.)

Geoffrey, the third son, was killed by a fall from his horse, and there were only two left alive, Richard and John. Just at this time, news came that the Mohammedans in the Holy Land had won Jerusalem back again; and the Pope called on all Christian princes to leave off quarrelling, and go on a crusade to recover the Holy Sepulchre.

The kings of England and France, young Richard, and many more, were roused to take the cross; but while arrangements for going were being made, a fresh dispute about them arose, and Richard went away in a rage, got his friends together, and, with King Philip of France to help him, began to make war. His father was feeble, and worn out, and could not resist as in former times. He fell ill, and gave up the struggle, saying he would grant all they asked. The list of Richard's friends whom he was to pardon was brought to him, and the first name he saw in it was that of John, his youngest son, and his darling, the one who had never before rebelled. That quite broke his heart; his illness grew worse, and he talked about an old cage being torn to pieces by his eaglets. And so, in the year 1189, Henry II. died the saddest death, perhaps, that an old man can die, for his sons had brought down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

##### Chapter XII.

#### RICHARD I., LION-HEART.—A.D. 1189-1199.

Richard was greatly grieved at his father's death, and when he came and looked at the dead body, in Montevraud Abbey Church, he cried out, "Alas! it was I who killed him!" But it was too late now; he could not make up for what he had done, and he had to think about the Crusade he had promised to make. Richard was so brave and strong that he was called Lion-Heart; he was very noble and good in some ways, but his fierce, passionate temper did him a great deal of harm. He, and King Philip of France, and several other great princes, all met in the island of Sicily in the Mediterranean Sea, and thence sailed for the Holy Land. The lady whom Richard was to marry came to meet him in Sicily. Her name was Berengaria; but, as it was Lent, he did not marry her then. She went on to the Holy Land in a ship with his sister Joan, and tried to land at the island of Cyprus, but the people were inhospitable, and would not let them come. So Richard, in his great anger, conquered the island, and was married to Berengaria there.

The Mohammedans who held Palestine at that time were called Saracens, and had a very brave prince at their head named Saladin, which means Splendor of Religion. He was very good, just, upright, and truth-telling, and his Saracens fought so well that the Crusaders would hardly have won a bit of ground if the Lion-Heart had not been so brave. At last they did take one city on the coast named Acre; and one of the princes, Leopold, Duke of Austria, set up his banner on the walls. Richard did not think it ought to be there; he pulled it up and threw it down into the ditch, asking the duke how he dared take the honors of a king. Leopold was angry and brooded over the insult, and King Philip thought Richard so overbearing that he could not bear to be in the army with him any longer. In truth, though Philip had pretended to be his friend, and had taken his part against his father, that was really only to hurt King Henry; he hated Richard quite as much, or more, and only wanted to get home first in order to do him as much harm as he could while he was away. So Philip said it was too hot for him in the Holy Land, and made him up. He sailed back to France, while Richard remained, though the climate really did hurt his health, and he often had fevers there. When he was ill Saladin used to send him grapes, and do all he could to show how highly he thought of so brave a man. Once Saladin sent him a beautiful horse. Richard told the Earl of Salisbury to try it, and no sooner was the earl mounted than the horse ran away with him to the Saracen army. Saladin was very much vexed, and was afraid it would be taken for a trick to make the English king prisoner, and he gave the earl a quieter horse to ride back with. Richard fought one terrible battle at Joppa with the Saracens, and then he tried to go on to take Jerusalem; but he wanted to leave a good strong castle behind him at Ascalon, and set all his men to work to build it up. When they grumbled, he worried them, and asked the duke to do the same; but Leopold said grumpily that he was not a carpenter or a mason. Richard was so provoked that he struck him a blow, and the duke went home in a rage.





## We are Looking for You

### To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, before, and, as far as possible, about wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address: Commissioner, Emergency Board, 20 Allen Street, Toronto, and make "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fully cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted, with the advertisement, an extra charge of one dollar is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

### (First Insertion.)

4517. MORRIS, MATTIEW or TREMBLE. Age 44, height 5 ft. 4 in., dark brown hair turning grey, dark blue eyes. Left England for Fernie, B.C., in July, 1903. Any information will be gladly received.

4518. Information wanted of PETER CAMPBELL, who left Glasgow, Scotland, for Canada some five years ago, but has not been heard of since. Mother heart-broken.

4519. BALLANTYNE, ARCHIBALD. Left Scotland for Canada forty years ago. Married; occupation, farmer; if living will be about 80 years of age.

4522. PARRY, EDWARD COLSTON. Age (if still living) about 61 years, height 5 ft. 6 or 7 in., brown hair, full blue eyes, fair complexion, worked in the boot and shoe trade. Friends anxious.

4523. ACTON, RICHARD EDWARD. Age 30 years, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark hair, grey eyes, fair complexion, squarely built and strong. Is supposed to be in Manitoba or British Columbia.

4524. WIGMORE, HENRY JAMES. Age about 63; height 5 ft. 4 in., light hair, brown eyes, medium complexion, occupation boot and shoe maker. Has been missing thirty years. Sister most anxious.

4525. ILES, SAMUEL MORLEY. Age 31, height 5 ft. 6 in., dark hair, grey eyes, medium complexion, English nationality, is supposed to be in Manitoba.

4526. WOODBURN, ROBERT. Age 23 years, dark hair, eyes, and complexion; occupation, farm hand. Was last heard from in Plumas, Manitoba.

4527. SMITH, WALTER. Age about 55, height 5 ft. 8 or 9 in., scar on the bridge of nose; occupation, stone mason and bricklayer. Formerly lived in Ingersoll, Ont. May be in the Western States.

### (Second Insertion.)

4512. McDONALD, ANGUS. Age 23 years, medium height, weight 175 lbs., brown hair, large blue eyes, had a small piece taken off first finger. Formerly of Seaforth, Ont. Last heard of at Elko, Kootenay, B.C. Friends very anxious. American Cry please copy.

4513. DOWNHAM, JOSEPH. Age 34 years. Last heard from in Roswell, New Mexico. May have moved to the Western States.

4444. FLETCHER, FRANK. Age 53 years last March, rather stout, light brown hair. Last heard of fifteen years ago at Clarendon Centre, near Ottawa. Mother still living. Stepfather, Mr. Harrison, died in Ottawa.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

**The Onion-Cure.**—The experience of those who have tried the onion cure is that it works wonders in restoring a cold-racked system to its normal state.

An onion-cure breakfast includes a poached egg on toast, three tablespoons of fried onions, and a cup of coffee. Luncheon of sandwiches made of brown bread, buttered and filled with finely-chopped raw onions, seasoned with salt and pepper, makes the second meal on the schedule. For supper the onion may be fried as for breakfast, and eaten with a chop and baked potato.

The efficacy of onions is well known to the singers of Italy and Spain, who eat them every day to improve the quality of their voices and keep them smooth.

Onion plasters are prescribed to break up hard coughs. They are made of fried onions placed between two pieces of old muslin. The plaster is kept quite hot until the patient is snugly in bed, when it is placed on the chest, to stay over night.

Onion syrup is claimed by some to be unequalled as a cure for a bad cold in the chest.—Selected.

◆ ◆ ◆  
Oleic acid or linoleum will look much brighter if two tablespoons of paraffin oil be put in the water it is washed with. No soap is necessary with this.

When making pies with a bottom crust, if you wish to prevent a gravy soaking through it, brush it over well with beaten egg on the inside.

When making jam preface operations by pouring a few drops of salad oil into the preserving pan, and then rubbing the oil over the bottom with a piece of soft paper. This will prevent the jam from sticking if the stirring be less frequent than it ought to be.

To remove spots from the fronts of boys' suits, thoroughly rub them with benzine, and put out in the air afterwards to take off the smell.

It is useful to know, when baking pies, either fruit or meat, that by placing the pie in a tin with a little cold water it will save the syrup or gravy from boiling out, but do not let the water dry up. A little water sprinkled on the top of fruit pies, and a little dry fine sugar next, will give the pastry a pretty brown appearance.

It is always advisable to cut off the heads of mackerel, for if there is any poison it lies in the head.

### TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

OFFICERS, soldiers, and others, who have occasion to travel by rail or water, before making arrangements for your trip, or purchasing your tickets, don't forget that we have facilities for handling all lines of transportation. We act as agents for Steamship Lines, etc. It will be to your advantage to write the Secretary, Transportation Department, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

## "Are You Ready?"

SEE OUR OFFER  
FOR JULY.

THESE WORDS suggest to Salvationists an old-time chorus pertaining to a much more important question than temporal affairs. All the same, personal com-

fort has a good deal to do with our health and the success of our efforts. We may, then, be excused for applying the question as to whether our Officers and Soldiers are properly equipped for the Summer Campaign, in which standing in the open air necessarily plays an important part. As is well known, dark goods attract the heat of the sun, and though the material may be light in weight, it will always be much warmer than a light shade of material. The

## Fawn Dress Goods and Fawn Hat

make an ideal Summer Costume. It is very pleasing in appearance, cool-looking and cool-feeling, and is very reasonable in cost.

The out-door costume is made complete by one of our

## Regulation Detachable-Collar Waterproofs

in case of a shower. This is a beautiful silk garment with rubber lining. It is light and durable as well as being neat and good looking. The cost of the complete outfit is as follows:

One Summer Hat .....	\$1 75.
Ten Yards Fawn Dress Goods .....	2 70
One Ladies' Silk Rubber-Lined Rain Coat .....	8 00
	12 45
IF ORDERED DURING JULY.....	11 25

The money saved will go a long way towards paying the cost of making the suit.

We have a few of the

## Men's Waterproofs at \$6.00.

There is no question as to the quality of this garment at the price. Guaranteed as to proofing and dye, makes a nice-looking fall or spring coat, and will wear like iron.

Prices quoted on

## MEN'S SUMMER SUITS OR TUNICS

and Samples sent on request.

ADDRESS

THE TRADE SECRETARY.

S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, Ont.

# SONGS OF THE WEEK.

## HOLINESS.

Tunes.—Come, Comrades Dear (N.B.B. 136);  
He Lives (N.B.B. 138);

1 Oh, glorious hope of perfect love!  
It lifts me up to things above,  
It bears on eagle's wings;  
It gives my ravished soul a taste,  
And makes me for some moments feast  
With Jesu's priests and kings.

Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
I stand, and from the mountain-top  
See all the land below;  
Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
And all the fruits of paradise  
In endless plenty grow.

Oh, that I might at once go up!  
No more on this side Jordan stop,  
But now the land possess;  
This moment end my legal years,  
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,  
A howling wilderness.

Now, O my Jesus, bring me in!  
Cast out Thy foes; the inbred sin,  
The carnal mind remove;  
The purchase of Thy death divide!  
Give me with all the sanctified,  
A heritage of love!

Tune.—At Thy Feet I Fall (N.B.B. 210).

2 O Lamb of God, Thou wonderful sin-  
bearer,  
Hard after Thee my soul doth follow on;  
As pants the hart for streams in desert dreary  
So pants my soul for Thee, O Thou life-  
giving One.

Chorus.

At Thy feet I fall, yield Thee up my all,  
To suffer, live, or die, for my Lord crucified.

I mourn, I mourn the sin that drove Thee  
from me,  
And blackest darkness brought into my  
soul;  
Now I renounce the cursed thing that hind-  
ered,  
And come once more to Thee to be made  
fully whole.

Descend the heavens Thou whom my soul  
adoreth!  
Exchange Thy throne for my poor, longing  
heart.  
For Thee, for Thee I watch as for the morn-  
ing;  
No rest, no joy I find when from Thee I'm  
apart.

Come, Holy Ghost, Thy mighty aid bestow-  
ing,  
Destroy the works of sin, the self, the  
pride;  
Burn, burn in me, my idols overthrowing;  
Prepare my heart for Him—for my Lord  
crucified.

Tunes.—Oh, Happy Day (N.B.B. 11); Oh,  
Wash Me Now (N.B.B. 12).

3 With panting heart that dares to seek  
The fulness of Thy love divine,  
I lay me at Thy bleeding feet,  
And claim Thy promises as mine.

Chorus.

I believe, I believe,  
The priceless gift I now receive!  
Thy blood does cleanse and make me whole,  
Thy perfect love fills all my soul;  
I believe, I believe,  
The priceless gift I now receive!

My groans and tears no change have wrought,  
They fail my nature to refine;  
The power and love Thy groans have brought  
By simple faith henceforth are mine.

Oh, let my heart forever be  
A home in which Thou lov'st to dwell;  
Renewed, and filled with love to Thee;  
Endued with power that love to tell.

Tunes.—Who'll Fight for the Lord? (N.B.B.  
15); We Shall Win (N.B.B. 113).

4 Oh, think of the home over there  
By the side of the river of light;  
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,  
Are robed in their garments of white.

Chorus.

Over there,  
Oh, think of the home over there!

## CONGRESS SONG.

Composed by Staff-Capt. Ayre on the  
train between Winnipeg and  
Montreal.

Tune.—Dixie Land.

We're a band of warriors of the good old  
book,  
From that great land where the people  
all look  
For a home, for a home, for a home, for  
a home.

Chorus.

We'll give you all a welcome, we will, we  
will,  
To that great land where every man  
May have a home and welcome, we will,  
we will,  
We'll give you all a welcome.

Second Chorus.

We are the Prairie Party, we are, we are,  
Our hearts are white, and our pros-  
pects bright;  
We are the Prairie Party from the West,  
from the West,  
We are the Prairie Party.

There are mountain peaks, high rocks,  
and snows,  
And millions of acres where the hard  
wheat grows,  
There are, there are, there are, there are.  
There are broncos, steers, and cow-boys,  
too,  
And plenty of work for all to do  
Who will, who will, who will, who will.

We all believe in the General's plan—  
A home on earth for every man—  
We do, we do, we do, we do.

Our Army brave through this great land  
Is marching on with Gospel song,  
We are, we are, we are, we are.

Oh, think of the friends over there,  
Who before us the journey have trod;  
Of the song that they breathe on the air,  
In their home in the palace of God.

My Saviour is now over there,  
There my kindred and friends are at rest;  
Then away from my sorrow and care,  
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

I'll soon be at home over there,  
For the end of the journey I see;  
Many dear to my heart over there  
Are waiting and watching for me.

Tune.—God is Keeping (N.B.B. 233).

5 God is keeping His soldiers fighting,  
Evermore we shall conquerors be;  
All the hosts of hell are uniting,  
But we're sure to have victory,  
Though to beat us they've been trying,  
Our colors still are flying,  
And our flag shall wave forever,  
For we never will give in.

Chorus.

No, we never, never, never will give in, no,  
we won't,  
For we mean to have the victory for ever.

We will follow our conquering Saviour;  
From before Him hell's legions shall fly;  
Our battalions shall never waver,  
They're determined to conquer or die.  
From holiness and heaven  
We never will be driven;  
We will stand our ground forever,  
For we never will give in.

With salvation for every nation,  
To the ends of the earth we will go;  
With a free and a full salvation,  
All the power of the cross we'll show.  
We'll tear hell's throne to pieces,  
And win the world for Jesus;  
We'll be conquerors for ever,  
For we never will give in.

## INVITATION.

Tune.—Throw Out the Lifeline.

6 "Come unto Me," Jesus did say,  
"Come unto Me, oh, come, come to-day;  
If you are heavy and laden with sin,  
Rest I will give you, and take you in."

Chorus.

"Come unto Me, come unto Me,  
All ye that labor and laden with sin;  
Come unto Me, come unto Me,  
And I will give you rest."

Come unto Jesus without delay;  
Come unto Jesus, He'll save you to-day;  
Come with thy sin, at His feet meekly bow;  
Come and confess them, He'll pardon thee  
now.

God sent His Son, whosoever believe  
Life everlasting He shall receive;  
This is the day of salvation, we're told;  
Sinner, O sinner, come back to the fold.

Sinner, O sinner, this warning I sound,  
Turn to the Saviour that you may be found  
Among the ransomed, happy and blessed.  
When you have passed into eternal rest.

Lieut. D. Rankin,  
Valley City, N.D.

## CHARACTER.

"As no man liveth to himself," so no man  
sinneth to himself; and every vagrant habit  
uprooted from the young and ignorant, every  
principle of duty strengthened, every en-  
couragement to reform offered and rightly  
persevered in, is casting a shield of safety  
over the property, life, peace, and every true  
interest of community; so that it may be said  
of this most emphatically, as of every duty  
of man, "knowing these things, happy are ye  
if ye do them."

## COMING EVENTS.

LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. GASKIN  
Will visit The Temple July 24.

STAFF-CAPT. AND MRS. MILLER  
Will visit Esther St., July 24.



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